



THE

# Tattler

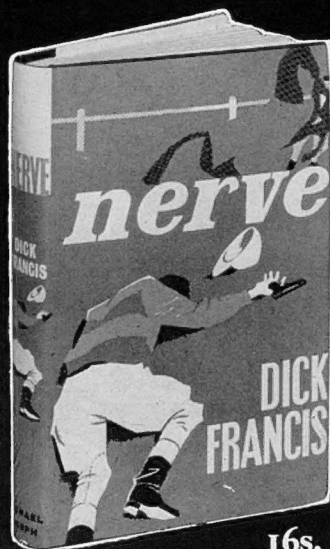
22 Jan. 1964

& Bystander 2s.6d. weekly

Spring  
Forecast







16s.

"He has now hung up his silks but rides a typewriter with all his old skill and dash. His first thriller *DEAD CERT* proved that he was going to give Nat Gould and Edgar Wallace a run for their money. I think he will again land the odds with *NERVE*. Dick Francis has all the inside know-how and atmosphere."

STANLEY JACKSON in London *EVENING NEWS*

## Fatherless Families

MARGARET WYNN

This analysis of the problems of a numerically important class of children is intended to help children's officers and child care workers, magistrates, doctors and teachers. It will also appeal to the general reader who is interested in social problems, and to all societies and churches who are concerned to "visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction."

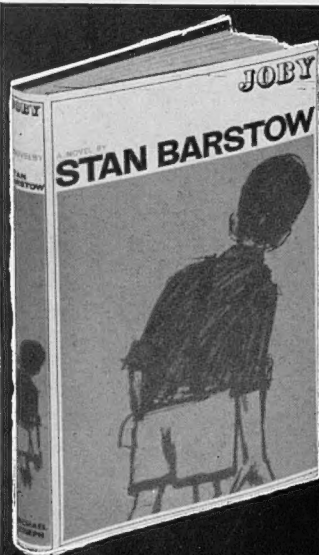
25s.

## A Calendar of Murder

Terence Morris and Louis Blom-Cooper

The first comprehensive study of murder over a given period in any single country. *A Calendar of Murder* is about people—a sociology of murder—which tells not only of the killer but also of his victim. Here the reader can lay for himself the myths which surround the "crime of crime"; the predominance of domestic homicide, the high incidence of mental instability and disorder, the unpremeditated nature of almost all killings, the role of the victim in precipitating his own violent end, the comparative rarity of the "sex monster" and the special position of the professional criminal.

30s.



"I enjoyed Stan Barstow's *JOBY* enormously. I think it is the best thing he has ever done because it is so satisfyingly well-shaped. It is evident that he is an accomplished writer of short stories because of his superb economy; it is also evident that he is a novelist because of the way in which he has explored the situation in depth. And he has managed all this without the least hint of sentiment."

JOHN BRAINE

MICHAEL JOSEPH

Come to Paint in the

# TICINO

Switzerland's Riviera

Compete for a prize during your 1964 holiday

on Lakes Lugano, Maggiore or the romantic valleys of the Ticino.

The tempting awards include a number of free holidays in the Ticino.

Free air and rail tickets by SWISSAIR and the Swiss Federal Railways.

Please ask for detailed prospectus at the Swiss National Tourist Office, 458 Strand, London W.C.2, or the Official Inquiry Offices at Lugano, Locarno or Ascona, Southern Switzerland.



### LUGANO

on Lake Lugano

Mild, sunny climate for ideal vacations. Beautiful lake and mountain scenery. Splendour of sub-tropical flora (mimosa, glycines, camellias, magnolias). Centre for excursions on the three north Italian lakes, mountains and valleys, to St. Moritz, Milan, Venice, etc. Cosy hotels and pensions of all categories (8,500 beds). Bathing beaches, elegant shops. Golf, tennis, yachting, Kursaal, Gambling Casino Campione (roulette, ch. de fer), night clubs

### LOCARNO

on the beautiful shores of Lake Maggiore

Here you can really enjoy spring holidays: the climate is wonderfully sunny and mild. Earlier springtime. Palms, camellias, azaleas, and the everlasting beauty of an enchanted land. Excellent choice of accommodation, all sports, entertainments, excursions. Casino-Kursaal.

### ASCONA

Ideal sojourn for all year seasons

Magnificent public beach with Lido, Golf (18 holes open all year), Garden-Golf, Tennis, Yachting-school and all water sports. Comfortable hotels and pensions of all categories. Airfield with tarmac landing strip for light aircraft. Musical Festivals (Sept./Oct.).

### BRISSAGO

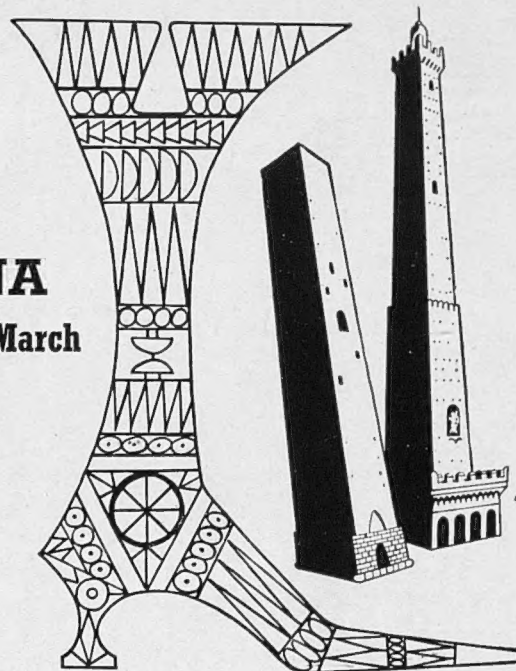
the pearl on the Lake Maggiore

with its renowned isles and the very mild climate. Wide choice of excursion. Lido, water sports, fishing, tennis courts, mountaineering, camping.

## 18th NATIONAL SHOW of FOOTWEAR-FASHION

### BOLOGNA

from 7th to 15th March  
1964



The display of the most qualified  
Italian footwear production

For information apply to:

**ENTE AUTONOMO PER LE FIERE DI BOLOGNA**  
Strada Maggiore 49-Bologna (Italy)

# Tatler

AND BYSTANDER / VOLUME 251 / NUMBER 3256

EDITOR  
JOHN OLIVER

GOING PLACES	150	In Britain
	152	To eat: <i>by John Baker White</i>
	153	Abroad: <i>by Doone Beal</i>
SOCIAL	155	The Queen Mary cruise
	158	Muriel Bowen's column
	159	The Organ Grinders' Ball
	160	Dancers at Sandhurst
	162	The Berwickshire Hunt Ball
	162	Letter from Scotland
FEATURES	163	Royal guests at the ballet: <i>photographs by Anthony Crickmay</i>
	164	Heart of the coloured counties: <i>by Ronald Blythe</i>
	166	A RADA Jubilee: <i>by Robert Wraight</i> , <i>photographs by Romano Cagnoni</i>
FASHION	173	Forecast sunshine: <i>by Unity Barnes</i> , <i>photographs by Vernier</i>
COUNTERSPY	181	Lamplighting: <i>by Elizabeth Williamson</i>
VERDICTS	182	On theatre: <i>by Pat Wallace</i>
	183	On films: <i>by Elspeth Grant</i>
	184	On books: <i>by Siriol Hugh-Jones</i>
	185	On galleries: <i>by Robert Wraight</i>
	185	On records: <i>by Gerald Lascelles</i>
	186	On opera: <i>by J. Roger Baker</i>
DINING IN	186	Neglected goldmine: <i>by Helen Burke</i>
GOOD LOOKS	187	Night spot: <i>by Elizabeth Williamson</i>
MOTORING	188	Facing a sudden craze: <i>by Dudley Noble</i>
OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN	189	
ROSE GROWING	189	Roses of yesterday: <i>by G. S. Fletcher</i>
WEDDING & ENGAGEMENTS	190	



Somewhere the sun is shining though it's usually rather hard to find in Britain at this time of year. But one place where the natives take it for granted is Torquay, where Vernier took the cover picture with the inner harbour glimpsed beneath the screws of a motor yacht. Frederick Starke's suit in tangerine wool and mohair by Heather Mills complements the glow of a late afternoon sun. The suit costs 35 gns. at Debenham & Freebody; Hilda Hanson, Nottingham. There's more sunshine to gild an early picking of spring clothes in the fashion section this week. Turn to the special sunshine forecast by Unity Barnes on page 173.

Postage: Inland, 4½d. Foreign, 6½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. **Subscription rates:** Great Britain and Eire: 52 issues plus Christmas number, £7 14s.; 26 issues plus Christmas number, £3 19s.; without Christmas number, £3 15s.; 13 issues (no extras), £1 18s. Canada: 52 issues plus Christmas number, £8 10s.; 26 issues plus Christmas number, £4 7s.; without Christmas number, £4 3s.; 13 issues (no extras), £2 1s. 6d. Elsewhere abroad: 52 issues plus Christmas number £8 10s.; 26 issues plus Christmas number, £4 7s.; without Christmas number, £4 3s.; 13 issues (no extras), £2 1s. 6d. U.S.A. (residents): 52 issues plus Christmas number, \$24.00; 26 issues plus Christmas number, \$13.00; without \$12.00; 13 issues (no extras), \$6.00. © 1964 Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., 13 John Adam Street, London W.C.2 (TRAFalgar 7020)





# GOING PLACES

## SOCIAL & SPORTING

**Winter Ball**, the Dorchester, 5 February. (Details, Miss Nancy Scott, PRO 2511.)

**The Mayor & Mayoress of Westminster's reception**, Savoy, 10 February.

**Canadian University Society of Great Britain dance** at Quaglino's, 11 February. (Details, Mr. Dixon, WHI 8831.)

**St. Valentine's Ball**, Guildhall, Cambridge, 14 February, in aid of the U.N. Children's Fund. (Double tickets, £3 3s., from Mr. D. Harriss, Christ's College.)

**Candlelight evening**, Hurlingham Club, with steel band and bistro food, 15 February.

**Wine and Food Society dinner**, Quaglino's, 18 February. (Details, Mr. H. Johnson, PAD 9042.)

**Hunt Balls: Hampshire Hunt**, Guildhall, Winchester, 24 January. **Fernie**, 25 January; **N. Warwickshire**, Welcombe Hotel, Stratford-on-Avon; **S. Notts.**, R.A.F. Station, Newton, Notts., 31 January; **R.A. College Beagles**, Bingham Hall, Cirencester, 7 February. **Vine**, Corn Exchange, Newbury, 14 February.

## RACE MEETINGS

**Steeplechasing**: Plumpton, today; Kempton Park, 24, 25;

Warwick, Catterick Bridge, 25; Warwick, 27; Sandown Park, 29; Windsor, 31 January, 1 February.

## MUSICAL

**Royal Ballet**, Covent Garden. *La Bayadère*, *The Two Pigeons*, tonight and 25 January; *Giselle*, 23, 29 January; *La Fête Etrange*, *Diversions*, *The Firebird*, 31 January, 7.30 p.m. (COV 1066.)

**Royal Festival Hall**. B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, cond. Sargent, 8 p.m., tonight; English Chamber Orchestra, cond. Tortelier, 8 p.m., 23 January; Colour film *Eugene Onegin*, 8 p.m., 24 January; Ernest Read concert for children, R.P.O., cond. Handford, 11 a.m., 25 January; Burns Nicht Concert, 7.30 p.m., 25 January; Vlado Perlemuter (piano), 3 p.m., 26 January; L.P.O., cond. Sargent, 7.30 p.m., 26 January; L.S.O. & Bach Choir, cond. Schuricht, 8 p.m., 27 January; Yehudi & Hephzibah Menuhin, 8 p.m., 28 January; Hallé Orchestra, cond. Lawrence Leonard, 8 p.m., 29 January. (WAT 3191.)

**Sadler's Wells Opera**. *Love of Three Oranges*, 22 January; *Girl of the Golden West*, 23 January, 1, 6 February; *La Belle Hélène*, 24 January; *Hansel & Gretel*, 25 January (last performance); *Idomeneo*, 29, 31 January, 7.30 p.m.; *Carmen*, 28 January, 7 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

**Victoria & Albert Museum**: Hirsch Chamber Players, 26 January, 7.30 p.m. (WEL 8418.)

**Lunchtime concert**, Bishops-gate Institute. Tessa Robbins (violin) and Robin Wood (piano), 1.5—1.50 p.m., 28 January.

## ART

**Goya & His Times**, R.A. Winter Exhibition, Burlington House, Piccadilly, to March.

**Goya etchings & lithographs**, British Museum, to 29 February.

**Contemporary Scottish Painting**, Commonwealth Institute, to 2 February.

**Ruskin & his circle**, Arts Council, to 15 February.

**Painting Towards Environment**, Bear Lane Gallery, Oxford, to 1 February.

**Irish ancient monuments** (photographs), the Building Centre, to 25 January.

**Flower paintings**, R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit St., to 30 January.

**Felix Labisse**, Surrealist paintings, Foyle's Gallery, to 1 February.

## EXHIBITIONS

**Hotel & Catering Exhibition**, Olympia, to 30 January.

**Racing Car Show**, Olympia, to 1 February.

**The World of Dolls**, 36 North Audley St., to 31 January.

## FIRST NIGHT

**National Theatre** (Old Vic), *Andorra*, 28 January.



American painter Mrs. Dorothea Blum will have her first London exhibition of paintings at the Arthur Jeffress Gallery from 28 January to 15 February. Mrs. Blum, who is active on a number of American charitable and philanthropic organisations, paints in an expressionist and visionary range.

## BRIGGS by Graham





# The chef at THE BRISTOL is passing on a few secrets

By now you've probably been to the Bristol.  
Certainly, by now, you've heard about it.

The secret of the Bristol's success is the chef.  
He's fabulous.

Six of his favourite recipes have been collected  
and will be sent to you, free of charge, if you  
just write to the address below.

Why are the Bristol offering you this for nothing?  
It's a form of advertising, that's why. A way of  
telling you about a really memorable restaurant.  
After reading these recipes you may well visit us.  
Even if you don't you'll probably cook the recipes  
yourselves and your guests will want to know where  
you got the recipe. You'll tell them the Bristol.  
It all helps, doesn't it?

## THE BRISTOL

ROEBUCK HOUSE, PALACE STREET, S.W.1.  
VICTORIA 5812

## Hanstown



## Chelsea Caterers

—this space to remind you

### Irish Mist Gold Medal Winner

### IRELAND'S LEGENDARY LIQUEUR

FROM YOUR WINE MERCHANT  
52/- per bottle  
27/- per half-bottle  
4/8 per miniature

ALSO AVAILABLE IN GOOD  
HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS



In case of difficulty in procuring supplies write to  
Sole Agents:

**GRIERSON, OLDHAM & ADAMS LTD.**  
25 HAYMARKET, LONDON SW.1



Casual  
Elegance

*Eastry House*

Hotel and Beach Club  
Barbados, West Indies

See Your Travel Agent or  
For brochures and literature please write direct —  
Eastry House, St. Peter, Barbados, W. I.

## Live in the sun—all the year round BUY A SERVICE FLAT IN THE CANARY ISLANDS

**from £3,450  
fully furnished**

Buy a *fully furnished* service flat in the year-long sunshine of the Canary Islands. Beautiful scenery, sea view, British club and golf course, bathing all the year round . . . At romantic Puerto de la Cruz, Tenerife, the Belair Residential Holiday Apartments offer you every comfort including . . . restaurant, private swimming pool, laundry, hairdresser, shops . . . From £3,450 to £6,900 Freehold—a superb investment. Plus facilities for letting during your absence.



**Fly to view in under 5 hours on scheduled flights**

For special facilities for viewing post this coupon today  
Ralph Pay, Lord & Ransome, 127 Mount St., London W.1.

Please send me free Illustrated Brochure describing  
BELAIR Residential Holiday Apartments.

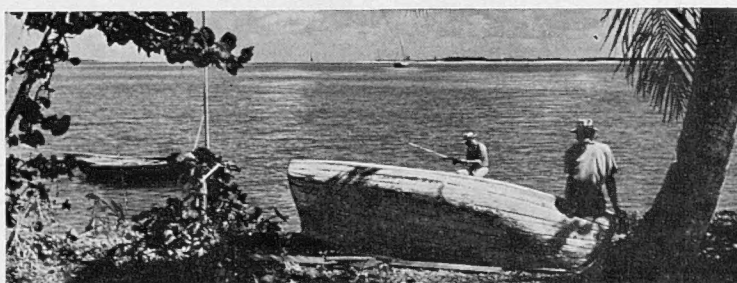
NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

TAT.2



## Stake a claim in Bahama Sound!



**Your homesite  
costs just  
£350 full price**

**or £5 deposit  
and monthly**

**No interest  
No land taxes**

**Sterling area**

Own a spacious 80ft x 125ft freehold homesite on Great Exuma Island in the lovely Bahamas. For retirement, investment, holidays. Exclusive use of white sandy beaches. World-famous fishing and boating. Good land—surveyed and serviced by roads at time of conveyance.

**Bahama Sound** developed by  
**Bahama Acres Ltd.**

To:  
**JONES, LANG, WOOTTON**  
(OVERSEAS)  
Bahamas Division TB1  
61 St. James's Street,  
London S.W.1.

Please send *free* colour brochure.

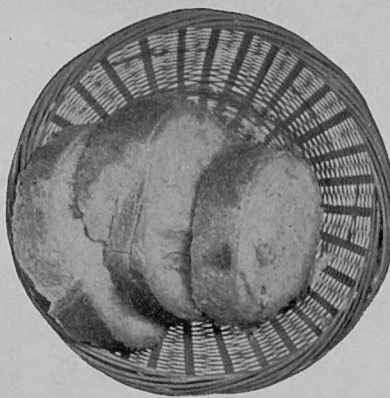
Full  
Name

Address



JOHN BAKER WHITE

## GOING PLACES



## TO EAT

NOTE FOR COMPLEAT DINERS

C.S. . . . Closed Sundays

W.B. . . . Wise to book a table

**Golden Carp**, 8a Mount Street, at Berkeley Square end. (GRO 3385). Open luncheon and dinner to 11.45 p.m. New, and as its name implies a sea-food restaurant. Seating about 40 plus it is elegant and intimate, with comfortable banquettes. I had a fish *pâté*, which was both good and unusual, followed by tasty stewed eels in a cream & mushroom sauce. The *petit pois* were excellent. This was enough for me, so I finished with an above-average coffee. My bill, without drink, was just under £1. I was glad to see that the menu included a fish hors d'oeuvres, carp, mullet and skate, among other dishes. The wine list is of sound quality and sensibly chosen to marry with fish. Service was just as it should be. This restaurant is associated with the Marquis, across the way.

**Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese**, 145, Fleet Street. Open midday to 9 p.m. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. (FLE 9129). In a court just out of Fleet Street, one of London's oldest restaurants makes no compromise with what is often miscalled progress. The floors and the stairs are plain wood worn by the feet of years. The crowded bars do their job without the aid of fairy lights and plastic what-nots, and you sit pretty close at the tables. It is the food that matters, plain, British, ample in quantity, good in quality and reasonable in price. It is a "must" with many tourists, but others who spend their working lives in the street or in the Law Courts eat there most days in the week. It is full of atmosphere; impossible to imitate and a crime to modernise. W.B.

## On the short list

There are certain restaurants that I associate with leisurely and enjoyable eating and drinking, allied to congenial conversation with old friends. They include the *Maison Basque* in London, the *Brasserie Lipp* in Paris, the *New Minerva* in Leyden and the *Russell* in Dublin. With them I link the *Sheridan* in Brighton, for it has the com-

fort and quiet that, when married to good food and fine wine, stimulates conversation. Fish is the main feature of the menu, including that landed at dawn on the beach a few yards away. Meat from the grill is well cooked and served. It is only a few yards walk from the most pleasant upstairs room at **Henekey's**, where a generous double whisky is still only 4s. and the copper kettle for a toddy stands close to a blazing fire.

## Wine note

I am asked from time to time what Russian wines are available in this country. The Russian Shop in High Holborn keep the red medium dry Mukuzani No. 4 from Georgia,

the full-bodied red Saperavi from the same region, and from Moldavia the unusual red, and also medium dry Negru de Purkar. There are two still white wines, both medium dry, the Tsinandali No. 1, made from the Rkatziteli grapes, and the golden-coloured Anapa Riesling from the North Caucasus. They are all the same price, 7s. 9d. per bottle and 4s. half. There is also a white sparkling wine from the Crimea at 19s. 9d.

Though some experts may contradict me, I have found that Russian wines go best with their native foods: again as a personal opinion, the reds are better than the whites, and the Mukuzani most likely to suit our taste.

. . . and a reminder

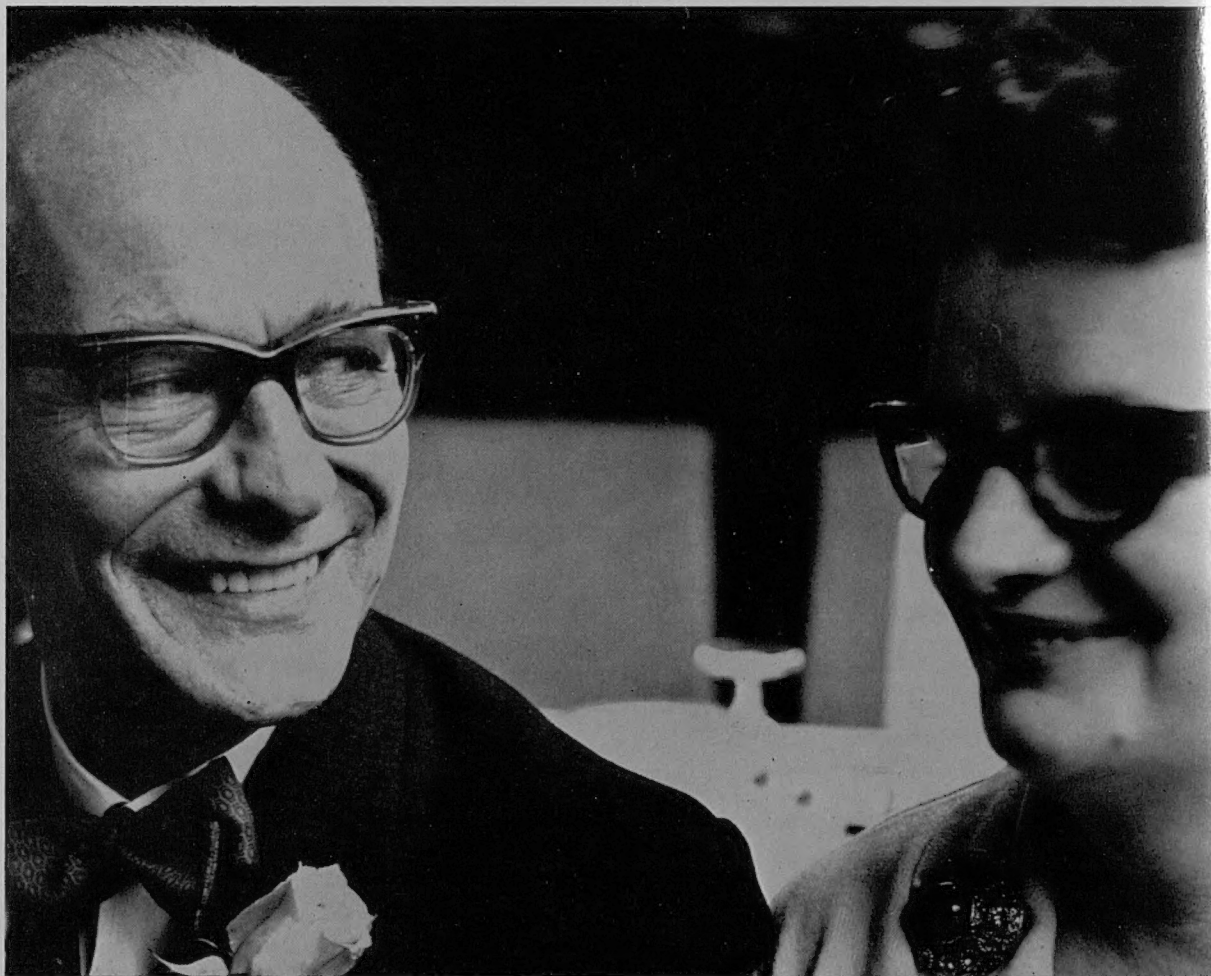
**Beotys**, 79, St. Martins Lane. (TEM 8768). Greek, French and Italian cooking and not expensive for good quality.

**La Bohème** 65, King's Road, Chelsea. (SLO 3553). Intimate, elegant, with specialized international cooking.

**Savoy Hotel restaurant** (TEM 4343). Book very well ahead for dinner because its top quality ensures top popularity.

**Manzi's**, 1, Leicester Street, Leicester Square. (GER 4864). Going as strong as it was in 1928 when it opened; its fish is outstanding good value.

**Trader Vic's**, London Hilton, Park Lane. (HYD 8000). A good place to remember at lunchtime as well as at night.



Mr. & Mrs. V. J. Southwick are the hosts at the Gilbert & Sullivan restaurant. The lapsing of the copyright on the Savoy operas enabled the St. Martin's Tavern to be renamed, and its walls are now decorated with prints, programmes and models of Gilbert & Sullivan productions. Mrs. Southwick runs the restaurant on very English lines—she and her husband were in charge of the English Pub at the Brussels Fair. The Gilbert & Sullivan is in John Adam Street (Richard D'Oyly Carte had a house in the old Adelphi Terrace), five minutes from the Savoy where the D'Oyly Carte company is in residence until March



DOONE BEAL

# GOING PLACES

TRAVELLING COMPANIONS



# ABROAD

What does one ask of a companion in travel? Rather, I suggest, as in marriage, someone with whom one's own faults are compatible. Touring Italy, Spain or Greece can head the closest of friendships for the rocks. With rising dismay one discovers that companions, exhaustive and exhausting in their cultural pursuits, are unwilling to leave a single cathedral stone or Roman remain, however unimportant, unexplored. Or maybe they belong to the other camp, whose idea of touring Europe is a slow progression from one café, bar or restaurant to the next: in which case, one emerges, suddenly and rather surprisingly, as the ascetic. The dividing line between a thorough tour of the Alhambra or ancient Corinth, between the Louvre or the Accademia and a good lunch is generally the biggest single cause of friction.

Much depends on how hungry one is at the time. Personally, I am one of those compromising middlebrows who want it both ways. Which is why I treasure, for their different reasons, two recently published books: James Morris's *Cities* (Faber, 42s.) and Ian Fleming's *Thrilling Cities* (Cape, 30s.). Both writers are wonderfully unpedantic impressionists, though of a vastly different kind: Morris the romantic, Fleming the realist.

It has amused me to speculate how either would work out as a travelling companion. While I would sooner wander with Mr. Morris through the streets of Venice, I'd be far more certain of getting to the right restaurant with Mr. Fleming: though that, alas, would not be in Venice at all. Rather shirking the issue, he dismisses that lovely but over-written city as a cliché, and opts instead for the "Georges Simenon quality" of Geneva. He describes this as one "that makes the thriller writer want to take a tin-opener and find out what goes on behind the façade, behind the great families who keep the banner of Calvin flying behind the lace curtains in the Rue des Granges." Yes, Mr. Fleming could make Geneva interesting.

The emphasis is on Thrills rather than Romance, and so in Vienna for example—a city of which he is not fond—he might be less good company. He admits elsewhere to preferring his art galleries on roller skates (as do many people who are not honest enough to say so), but in Grinzing even he falls, if defensively, under the spell:

"With the accordion or violin sobbing and the local Tauber tearing at your heart strings . . . with a Paprikaschnitzel inside you and your twentieth Viertel waiting to be drunk, the dream sequences continue to unroll with a smoothness and a temporary truth that remain proof against cynicism and worldliness."

The chapters on Naples (tea with Lucky Luciano), Hong Kong, Berlin, Las Vegas and, predictably, Chicago, are well laced with James Bondmanship, with underground and underworld gossip and, throughout, there is a good deal of entertaining, off-beat information. I find Mr. Fleming a refreshingly impatient traveller. He is not a man to waste either his own time or yours, and his comments are well salted with prejudice. Under the heading of Incidental Intelligence, at the end of each

chapter, is a useful summary of hotels, restaurants and night clubs which tells you exactly what to expect, through the quality of the Martinis and the soufflés to the desirability of the hostesses—where applicable. He can be riotously funny, as in recounting an incident between himself, a Frenchman and the custodian of the Lupanar, the "forbidden" salon of Pompeii. He also reveals, in unexpected passages elsewhere, that he is rather more than the sophisticated Philistine under whose brand-image he trades.

How different is the whimsy, baroque rhetoric of Mr. Morris! Whereas Fleming is spiritually if not actually speeding down some Autostrade in his Thunderbird, one feels that Morris is more at home in a paddle steamer on the River Plate. In contrast to Fleming's brisk whisk around the high spots as well as the underworld in the company of Our Man, the only reference which Morris makes to a guide or companion is an unhappy morning spent in Marienbad with a lady Com-

munist official. He discusses, rather than informs. You'd be no wiser as to what to see in Cairo or Stockholm after reading him, yet he does evoke the mood. I find him at his best on South America, possibly because the great cities of that continent—Lima, Bogota, Santiago, Buenos Aires—have been less written about and so are not so inhibiting to the writer who fears that it has all been said before, and better. Romantic to the last, his comment on Rio is typical:

"I loved her from the start, and I think that her carping critics, sniffing at her overdrafts and deploring her excesses, cannot see the oaks for the nettles. Perhaps, like Brazil itself, she lacks some niggling virtues of commonsense, but she glories in that grandest of historical qualities, style . . ." As any city-fancier knows, the true pulse is not to be felt in the monuments, the museums and the galleries. And since all writers prefer to find something, however trivial, which they can call their own, neither of these two books encroaches on the territory already so admirably covered in the *Guide Bleu* or Michelin's *Guide Vert* series. But what bedside, aeroplane or foreign-hotel reading they make!



VENICE: the Piazza of St. Mark with the island of San Giorgio Maggiore. This is one of the world's fascinating cities mentioned by both James Morris and Ian Fleming in their books discussed by another travel expert on this page

A. F. KERSTING





*Istanbul's 3rd century Byzantine Walls. Nearby, a comfortable room with bath (and view) costs less than £1. Prices in Turkey are uniformly low.*

## *Time began here ...*

This was the first face of the world. St. Paul, Mary Magdalen were latecomers here. Roman, Byzantine, Ottoman Empires rose and fell on this soil—and left their marks for all to see. Leander, so the legend goes, died for Hero in the Dardanelles where the Sea of Marmara joins the Aegean.

Turkey, they say, is irresistible to the romantic. The sun that seldom ceases, the shape of mosques against a Bosphorus sunset, the smell of lemon and orange groves, the taste of sharp, green olives.

Turkey is a treasure house to be wondered at; heady bazaars selling silver and carpets and worked meerschaum; the exotic foods (Tavuk Gögsü and sweet sütlaç and

pungent quince). A land seldom seen by the Westerner. Curious because Turkey is less than 7 hours by air from London (or 4 days by express train for those who want to see Europe).

*For fullest details on cost, climate, accommodation—and land, sea and air routes, contact:*

The Turkish Tourism Information Office, 49 Conduit St., London, W.1, or The Press Counsellor, 43 Belgrave Square, London, S.W.1.

Name .....

Address .....

(b)

**NOW IS THE TIME TO DISCOVER**

# **TURKEY**





THE  
TATLER  
22 JANUARY  
1964

## Where the sun shines

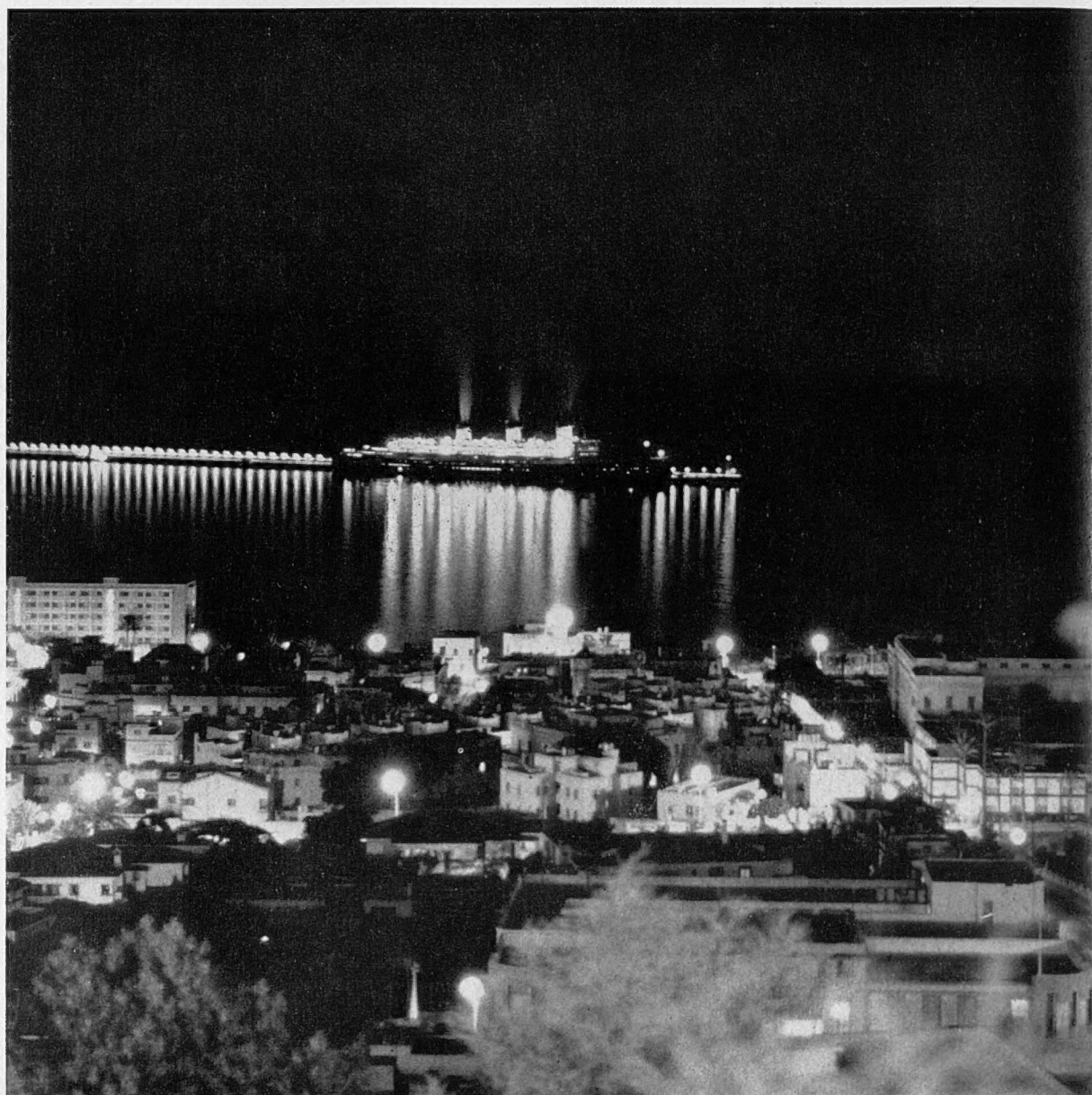


There are few occupations more pleasant, and in the event more rewarding, than to watch deep water cream past a liner's side while the sun blazes down—especially in the month of January. Getting away from it all were the Lord Justice Pearson, a Lord Justice of Appeal, and Lady Pearson, two of the passengers who left Southampton in the Cunard *Queen Mary* on her first New Year cruise to the Canary Islands. Turn overleaf for more pictures by Barry Swaebe. Muriel Bowen writes about the cruise on page 158

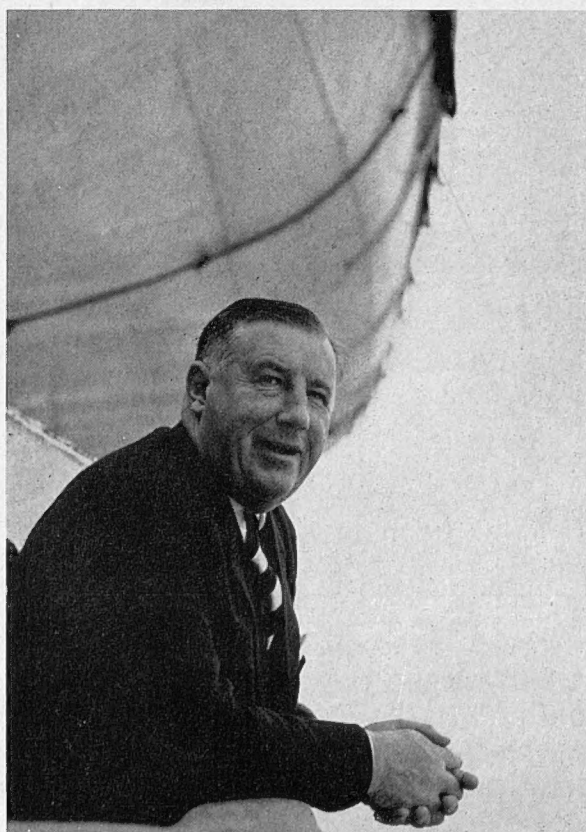


# Where the sun shines continued

- 1 The Queen Mary at night alongside the Dique del Generalissimo Franco at Puerto de la Luz on Grand Canary
- 2 Mr. Christopher Aitken, housemaster at Christ's Hospital School, Horsham
- 3 On the games deck, Martin Hale and Mark Bone
- 4 On the bridge Captain A. E. Divers and the Queen Mary's Chief Officer M. F. Hehir
- 5 On the boat deck sunshine for Miss Joan Amelan, from Manchester, and Mr. David Middleweek, from Wolverhampton
- 6 Competitors at shoveboard, Susan Nayler, from Stockport and Maxwell Hunter, from Brighton
- 7 Journey's end on Las Canteras Beach at Las Palmas
- 8 View of the sea for Mr. Harry Hynd, Labour M.P. for Accrington, and Mrs. Hynd



1

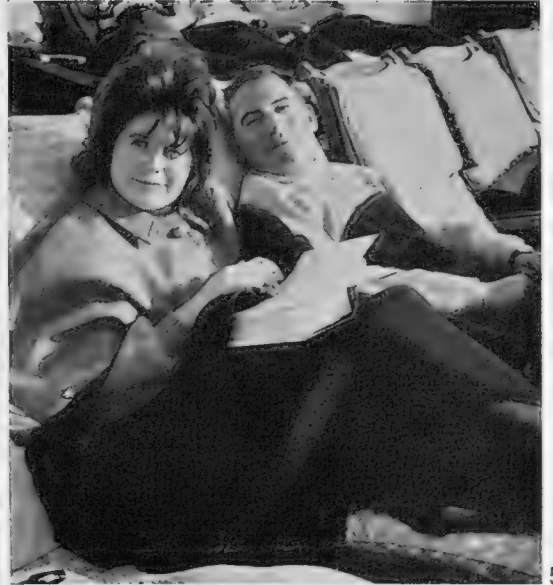


2



3







# Sailing to June in January by Muriel Bowen

As the *Queen Mary* turned her sleek bows towards the open sea on her New Year cruise to the sun *Rule Britannia*, played by the ship's orchestra, floated over the water. Passengers forming a human herbaceous border packed her sides while below stewardesses took the flowers from their wrappings and arranged them in cabins. Winter cruising used to be the occupation of the very rich or the very ill but not any more. This particular cruise was all-age, with one passenger in ten under the age of 16.

## WORK AND PLAY

"What times does this place get to Las Palmas?" somebody asked. "Place" was an apt description. The master of the *Queen Mary*, CAPT. E. A. DIVERS has the power and the permanent staff of a town hall. The ship is vast. During the war when she was trooping with 15,000 a voyage the Americans used to send 2,500 men two days in advance to study the layout of the ship so that they could act as guides. With only 700 passengers (plus 1,285 crew) I found it was easy to get lost between the Spanish class in the drawing room and the 'Teens & 'Twenties party in the Beachcomber Club a couple of decks below.

A few people came on board with the intention of working. SIR COLIN PEARSON, a Lord Justice of Appeal, brought some law books. Only the promise of a hard-hitting game of shuffleboard—which he usually won—could lure him away from them.

Most people however came for the fun. MRS. E. BUSTEED, who disembarked at Las Palmas to winter there, could never get sufficient partners to satisfy her enthusiasm for deck games. Mr. HARRY HYND, M.P. for Accrington, showed most of us the way whether it was the swimming gala or the bottle race in the gymkhana.

Others cruising included, Mr. & Mrs. PETER RICHARDSON; MRS. E. BERKELEY; LT.-COL. & MRS. STEWART WATSON; Mr. & Mrs. T. MUNRO GLASS and their children TESSA and TOMMY; MAJOR & Mrs. J. A. KIRBY; Mr. & Mrs. W. COMBEN LONGSTAFF; Mr. & Mrs. ERIC MARSDEN; Mr. & Mrs. S. W. WILLSON; and Miss E. R. HUMPHREYS, who had stayed on from the previous cruise.

## THE CAPTAIN'S TABLE

Capt. Divers kept those of us who were lucky enough to be at his table regaled with stories and anecdotes. I asked him what he liked to do when he was on leave. He reads. "As a boy growing up in Norfolk when it got dark I would take out a book," he said. "All the family did the same. We read until my father said it was time for bed." A book a day is no trouble to him. He used to play golf but now that he can no longer match his

wife's game he has given it up.

More than 60 of the *Queen Mary's* passengers had transferred from a January cruise of the ill-fated *Lakonia*. They included BRIGADIER & Mrs. C. WOODROFFE. "My wife sailed on the *Lakonia* about 15 years ago when she went to the Dutch East Indies and found her a very good boat; that was why we booked in her," Brig. Woodroffe told me. The Woodroffes are wintering in the Canaries: "The nearest place to England where you can be sure of the sun."

## HOLIDAY SPIRIT

Las Palmas came on the horizon starkly white and hot, set on the edge of a shimmering blue sea. A few hours later we were to see it glowing pink in a setting sun. It used to be a place of oranges and lemons and unsophisticated straggling streets. But in the past 12 years it has been built up and there are now many skyscrapers and dual carriageways. A series of hairpin bends lead to an unspoilt countryside and both there and along the coast English people are renting villas to escape the worst of the winter.

On board the *Queen Mary* we did ourselves well. 16,000 bottles and 8,000 gallons of beer were consumed in six days. "It would be a good pub ashore that would do this amount of business in the same time," said Mr. LLOYD who has charge of the liner's 14 bars and wine cellars. I asked Mr. Lloyd, nearly 50 years with Cunard, what he considered the best method of coping with the morning after. He thinks a Bloody Mary is best, though Mr. PARRY, the chief steward, is firmly of the opinion that you can't beat onion soup. Because of its known qualities as a sorter-outer it is always placed, very discreetly, on the breakfast menu on Cunard ships. The French passengers are great believers in it and they make it more palatable by having a glass of champagne with it.

## LINER LOGISTICS

But as regards food and drink it wasn't a typical voyage. British passengers usually drink more wine and—after the first day—eat less food. "We've got real eaters on board this time," the chef, Mr. BURGESS, told me. I could well believe that. It took us only 40 minutes at the Captain's table one evening to polish off caviar, soup, roast pheasant and *crêpe suzette*. Mr. Burgess gave me some statistics. "60 saddles of lamb one evening for dinner, 900 individual soufflés, 4,500 eggs a day . . ." The food is so good on the *Queen Mary* that one wonders how the company can afford the transportation as well.

It wasn't always so. Once in her pre-stabilizer and wartime days very rough weather on Christmas Day meant no

meal, just a piece of dry bread and cold meat. Sir Winston Churchill on his first voyage, also in wartime, was shocked to find the ship dry. But with that genius for quick action at the right time which Cunard captains have somehow built in he was immediately given permission to have his own licensing laws in the section of the ship which he and his staff occupied.

## TOTE AND HIKE

The fun of a sea voyage is largely determined by the ship's officers and one's fellow passengers. The tote on the ship's run, deck tennis after lunch, bingo and ballroom dancing in the evening have now been added to by such things as a deck hike followed by a keep fit class (one hundred and more participated daily on the cruise), Scrabble competitions, community singing, twist and limbo competitions and Spanish class. "We put in the Spanish class just for fun on this cruise, and we were surprised to find how seriously people took it," Mr. HAROLD GRIMES, the cruise director told me. Mr. CHRISTOPHER AITKEN, a passenger, put down its popularity to Miss MURIEL ARNOLD, the teacher, whom he described as, "an exceptionally pretty girl." Mr. Aitken is a housemaster at Christ's Hospital School in Sussex.

Mr. Grimes finds that in his job he has not only to think of age groups but of nationalities. "You can put on a white drive for the British, but never for the Americans—nobody would turn up."

## PLANS FOR 1967

The post-Suez gloom in the shipping world is past and Cunard recently announced its intention of building a new liner of 58,000 tons to replace the *Queen Mary*. It is hoped to have her on the sea by 1967. The design of the new ship will raise questions that are as much social as nautical. There is going to be the problem of giving an away-from-it-all feeling, and at the same time providing all the entertainment that can be packed into a day. Teenagers and smaller children have to be thought of more than in the past. Wives are the main persuaders when it comes to ocean cruises. They like the idea of having the children taken off their hands and entertainment provided for them.

To me one of the exciting things about travel in the *Queen Mary*—and I hope the new ship will achieve it—is the cool, calm certainty it provides in an uncertain world. The last 12 hours or so of our 3,000-mile journey was in a fairly thick fog, yet we tied up at Southampton 32 minutes ahead of schedule. And as they all seemed to be saying to each other on the prom deck: "Well it would never happen with British Railways!"



# Hitch-hiking in Chelsea

Young people converged on the Chelsea town hall for the annual Organ Grinders' ball held in aid of the Save the Children Fund. They did the shake, the hitch-hike and occasionally the twist to two bands, the Oxford & Cambridge dance band and the Mike Sarne band, both of which gave their services free

1 Miss Antoinette Devonshire

2 Miss Judith MacManus

3 Miss Judith Elton

4 Mr. Richard Hall and

Miss Susanna Ellis

5 Mr. Andrew Maxwell-Hyslop and Miss Helene Reade

6 Miss Caroline Colacicchi and Mr. Nicholas Hawkin

7 Miss Sarah Bond and Mr. James MacManus

8 Mr. Daniel Topolski and Miss Christine Lees

9 Mr. Jeremy Leathers and Miss Julia Corrie



1/2



3



4



5



6



7



8



9

PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN



# A boost for the beagles

The Commissioning Ball for the senior division of the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, was held at Camberley. The dance traditionally follows the senior division's passing-out parade held during the day, and proceeds help the funds of the Academy's beagle pack. Three bands played during the evening, plus the pipers from the 1st Battalion Scots Guards, and dancing was in the gymnasium as well as in various other rooms decked out as night clubs. The Sandhurst Beagles were formed in 1935, suspended during the war and reformed in 1947 when the R.M.A., Sandhurst, came into being. Since then more than 100 officer cadets have served as members of the hunt staff

- 1 One of the bands that played for dancing was of the R.M.A. trad jazz band
- 2 Major & Mrs. D. G. Martin. He is master of the Sandhurst Beagles
- 3 Miss Fiona Addis and Mr. Peter Stanley
- 4 Mr. Colin Constable, Mr. David Norbury and Miss Augusta White Spinner
- 5 Mr. David Collingwood and Miss Patricia Patton
- 6 Mr. Philip Forster and Miss Jo Le Brocq
- 7 Miss Heather Stinton and Mr. Christopher Stuart Nash
- 8 Miss Isabel Riddell and Mr. Stewart Birt
- 9 Miss Susanne Clarke and Mr. Roger Gibson







4



5



6



7



8



9



# Letter from Scotland

This promises to be a busy year for Viscount & Viscountess Weir and their family, who live at Montgreenham, Kilwinning, Ayrshire. Their second son, the Hon. Douglas Weir, is to marry Miss Penelope Ann Whitehead, daughter of Group Captain & Mrs. John Whitehead, of Reading, Berkshire, on 29 February. Soon after that they'll be setting off for Alaska where Mr. Weir, a well-known ornithologist and artist, plans to study the wild life. He is hoping to hold an exhibition of his work in London later in the year.

"My brother has a gold mine in Alaska," Lady Weir, who is half-Canadian and half-English, told me. "I think they will be making the gold mining camp their base. But it doesn't open until some time in May. It doesn't come unfrozen till then."

This will give the Hon. Douglas Weir and his wife time to attend the wedding of Lord & Lady Weir's eldest son in Montreal in either March or April. (The engagement was announced two days before Christmas and the wedding date hasn't yet been fixed.) The Hon. William Weir, who is a director of the family firm of G. & J. Weir, is to marry Miss Diana MacDougall, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Peter MacDougall of Saraguay, Montreal.

"The bride's mother is a cousin of mine and our families have always known each other," said Lady Weir happily. She herself renews her Canadian ties with an annual trip to Canada. This year she and her husband, their only daughter and their three other sons are all planning to go to the Canadian wedding. Their daughter, the Hon. Janet Weir, who is 17, will be a bridesmaid at both weddings.

## THE 14th JUDGE

There's more than a touch of medieval pomp and splendour to the installation of

a Scottish Judge of the Court of Session. The ceremony, which includes the robing of the new judge after he has taken the Oath of Loyalty, lasts only about 10 minutes, but a crowded and colourful ten minutes they are.

There was almost a full court room when the Court resumed recently after its Christmas recess, for the installation of Lord Fraser, formerly Mr. Walter Ian Reid Fraser, Q.C., Dean of the Faculty of Advocates. The Lord President of the Court, Lord Clyde, officiated, and 13 judges—all resplendent in Florentine lace jabots and plum coloured robes—welcomed Lord Fraser as a brother judge. The full Court dress is worn only at installations and the robes do, I'm told, date back to medieval times.

Nicest incident, I thought, was the new judge's traditional three bows—one to the other judges, one to the assembled company, and the third to his own family, ensconced, one can fairly safely surmise, for the only time in their lives, in the witness box.

## A NON-REALIST VIEW

The new Lady Fraser was pleasantly modest about her own part in the proceedings. "It's a tremendous honour done to my husband," she told me. "I just have a little of the reflected glory." But Lady Fraser is not short on accomplishments herself. She is a successful artist—"mostly in oils"—and has exhibited in London and Paris as well as regularly in Edinburgh. Last year, one of her paintings, exhibited at the Royal Academy, was taken by Huddersfield Art Gallery. It was called *Border Landscape*, but it was far removed from reality. "I'm not at all realistic," Lady Fraser told me.

Lord and Lady Fraser have a 17-year-old son now in his final year at Eton. Is

there a chance of a legal career ahead for him? "He has a variety of ideas and they change constantly," his mother assured me.

## A NINE YEAR PLAN

The Christmas Charity Ball held, despite its name, early in January, has raised at least £1,500 for this year's chosen charity, the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief. The ball has come a long way since the days when its convener, Miss Eileen Kerr, used to run it for her old school and then, one day in 1955, had the bright idea of running it for charity instead. That first year they raised £690 for the Scottish Council for the Care of Spastics, which was a brave beginning. Now they're such an established part of the Edinburgh social scene that good causes just queue up for a sight of the proceeds. "We've nine charities waiting," Miss Kerr told me, which means (happy thought) that we may expect a Christmas Charity Ball for at least another nine years. This year's effort was a sell-out, with about 1,000 guests tripping it briskly in the Assembly Rooms—among them Lt.-Col. Sir Donald and Lady Bannerman, patrons of the ball. Other guests had flown up from London to be present.

Always in search of new ideas—as you might expect from a committee which rejoices in so much young blood (though I'm told the ages do range from 18 to 60!) they introduced this year a night club room.

This was organized by an extremely hard-working young member of the committee, Miss Gillian Ramage. She was working "almost round the clock" on the project before the ball, I gather. But in spite of this she found time, somehow, to announce her engagement at Christmas.

J.P.

# The Berwick Ball

The Berwickshire Hunt Ball was held at the home of Bridget Lady McEwen at Marchmont, Berwickshire

- 1 Col. G. R. Trotter, chairman of the hunt, and Mrs. Robin McEwen
- 2 Mrs. John Menzies, and Mrs. William Mond
- 3 Mr. & Mrs. Alexander McEwen with Bridget Lady McEwen, hostess for the evening
- 4 Miss Alexandra Law and Mr. Martin Haldane



1



2



3



4





PHOTOGRAPHS: ANTHONY CRICKMAY

**Royal Guests** at the Royal Opera House, Princess Margaret and the Earl of Snowdon (top with dancer Mr. Stanley Holden), attended a party to mark the retirement of Dame Ninette de Valois as director of the Royal Ballet. The party followed a performance of *The Sleeping Beauty* (above left) watched by Dame Ninette from her customary box. Dame Margot Fonteyn and Sir David Webster, General Administrator of the Royal Opera House (above right), were among the guests who watched the presentation of furniture for her new London home to Dame Ninette

W

hat is "Englishness"? Is it a chauvinistic abstraction or does it actually exist, geographically speaking, in our hybrid island? I think that if I had to show a foreigner the geographical quintessence of Englishness I would take him to Worcestershire and that if an ultimate distillation of the word needed demonstrating, then I would take him to Evesham. After walking in this little town, he would easily comprehend the incantation-like excitement of the word "England" for such disparate Worcestershire men as Stanley Baldwin and Edward Elgar. It would also go a long way towards explaining both the strength and the mystery of English provincialism and its profound effect on our art and politics.

Evesham is the amber heart of the coloured counties. It has Shakespeare's Avon and Housman's Bredon. And if these are not enough for one small market town, it has the heart of Simon de Montfort, too—that proto-democrat and "hero of England." Who was a Frenchman, of course. The Vale of Evesham is landlocked by the shires and is a kind of fertile cornucopia where the fruits of the earth are lavishly tiered in a horticultural pattern which has no parallel in any other part of the country. It is not St. Ecguin, who founded Evesham Abbey, but some more opulent shade who should preside over such plenty. The lanes quake beneath lorry loads of salad, pears, plums, cauliflowers, anemones, tomatoes, asparagus, leeks and strawberries which descend from the hills in and out of season. Every foot of the great Vale is jealously cultivated. The gardens, which average little more than six acres apiece, are farmed by a multitude of master-men, each of whom is splendidly eccentric. Government subsidies, the latest trucks and frost insurance come their way, but not rat-race commitments. They'll have none of them. They are gardeners rather than farmers and they have the gardener's contempt for hustle and grab. Besides, they have a horticultural lineage unique outside the kitchen gardens of a few great houses, for they inherited their acres and their gardening traditions from the monks of Evesham Abbey in the early 16th century, and neither greedy local squire nor national slump—not to mention the planners—have been able to uproot them.

Young Mr. W. G. Cole is typical of the hundreds of Vale gardener-farmers. He has a glassy kingdom at Offenham. His cold-houses and the ice-blue acres of his cloches (£58 per 100 yards) cover the ground where the King of Mercia had his palace. Mr. Cole is born and bred to the politics of the Vale. At the moment the burning issue is the argument for and

against organic farming. He says it is "as bad as religion." He is strictly anti-toxic. He sends asparagus to Covent Garden and nearly everything else that he grows to the North Midlands—and so does every neighbour of his for miles around. But there isn't a hint of the hard-sell note in his voice. He and the Vale men, for all their cultivators, are Adams from another age. The Dutch, he said, are moving in, but he said it without criticism or anxiety.

Gardening is the *leitmotif* of Evesham itself. The national obsession reaches its apogee here. The streets, lined with everything either a gardener or a vegetarian could wish for, reach their climax in the Market Place, where it is perpetual harvest festival. In any other ancient borough the cloisters of a pre-Reformation abbey would be laid out with Ministry of Works turf; in Evesham they are laid out with raspberry and asparagus beds. The old man whose bicycle lodged comfortably against a triple row of decapitated abbots couldn't say if such sacred soil did anything for his lettuces. His cloches made a sharp crystal geometry beneath the grey arches. Dead lilacs clattered against 13th-century walls, a carillon played "Come lasses and lads," the shadows crossed Bredon and he thought it might be tea-time. Abbot Clement built the marvellous bell tower which houses the carillon. It stands "free" and dominates Evesham. It is the last Perpendicular building outside Oxford and Cambridge to be erected in England before the Reformation. Abbot Clement went on building it right up to the hour of Dissolution, with the cold breath of the reformers chilling his mortar. It is now a great Gothic music-box with 12 bells and an elaborate chiming apparatus which diverts Evesham with a different tune each day for a fortnight. The lasses and lads were, at that moment, ton-upping to Stratford for the annual "Mop."

Close to the bell tower lies Simon de Montfort. Coming across his grave gives one a kind of historical *vertige*. It is so surprising—in spite of the fact that one has read it all up in the guide book—that one needs to concentrate on something belonging to the sunny present to prevent one being dragged down into the violence of that August day in 1265 when this great French Englishman, 18 lords, 160 knights and 4,000 soldiers perished in this beautiful loop of the Avon. There was to be nothing comparable until Culloden. Simon himself was a wonderfully civilized creature; loving, educated and brave, but as he "created a new force in English politics" death was too good for him, so they carved him to pieces. It was 4 August and it thundered. The darkness of that afternoon is distantly linked with the decidedly English gloom of

# A MBER HEART OF THE COLOURED COUNTIES

Novelist Ronald Blythe makes a reflective tour of the Cotswold town of Evesham on market day



Housman and connects with the bronze soldier, with his cheese-cutter and respirator, on Evesham's war memorial. Dismal, all this? Bad for the tourist image of incomparable Evesham? I hardly think so. It seems to me to be a town startlingly aligned with the elegiac aspect of the English genius. "Only connect," as Mr. E. M. Forster rightly insists. If we don't, then travelling is nothing more than booking in at the four stars and watching the oil gauge.

The equanimity of past and present in Evesham is best seen in the handsome town house of Mrs. W. A. Cox on Merstow Green, where the postern gate of the Abbey can be seen like a broom cupboard near the stairs and the garden paths are paved with the coffin lids of Plantagenet ecclesiastics. Quoins, corbels and broken window traceries fill the rockeries. Fuchsias bleed on the rubble of the unreformed church. Mrs. Cox is in fact living in the great Abbey Gate which is somehow encased, like a Chinese architectural puzzle, in a Georgian mansion. Mrs. Cox knows that the past doesn't have to be very "past" to be fascinating.

"See those candlesticks? Marie Corelli gave them to my brother; she was very fond of him."

Immediately, Evesham's abbots and Evesham's asparagus vanished clean away, to leave room for that ample shade, the author of *The Master Christian* and *The Sorrows of Satan*, as, dressed in her Worth finery and with no doubt that she was greater than St. Theresa and George Eliot combined, she is poled down the Avon in the gondola she brought specially from Venice. She lived at Stratford but her eccentricity—and no quintessence of Englishness can be complete without eccentricity—has reached the Vale and is recorded there by a pair of extraordinarily heavy candlesticks.

Evesham can scarcely be called a tourist discovery. It isn't Broadway or Polperro, certainly; fame doesn't clog it. But it is in the middle of so much perfect country that its most individual flavour could be missed if one did not pause there for longer than it takes to eat luncheon or fill up the tank. This, of course, goes for any place these days. There could never have been a time when people travelled so far and saw so little. The place to stay in Evesham is "The Crown," where Evesham's visitors have stayed since the days of Henry VIII and most likely before. There is a well under a grating in the hall—reputed to be a thousand years old—and the landlord's motto over the bar, "What I do, I do," is a trifle belligerent, but the hotel is comfortable and excellent in the best unfussed English way. It has a kind

of luxurious quiet, good food and a frontage recessed around a coaching yard which adds to its essential tranquillity.

This most inimitable of small, golden English boroughs possesses as its crowning virtue a truly courtly spaciousness. There are nooks and ingles but the immediate impression is of lavish and elegant distances between the buildings. The High Street itself is wide enough to have pleased Baron Haussmann and double parking both sides still leaves heaps of room for the endless procession of fruit and vegetable lorries, the station wagons and Minis, the ubiquitous motorcycles and the occasional equestrian, while the confusion of gardens and park above the Avon and below Bredon makes this end of the town a delight to walk in. It is an English epitome, a lustrous alliance of creamy-gold stone and fat, cheerful produce. All the English voices are speaking at once here.



Market day in Evesham. The Vale gardens pour their splendour into stalls like those of Mr. Eden



Victorian tombs and Elizabethan shoppers in Vine Street



On the plinth, Tommy Atkins, 4 August 1914, behind him Abbot Clement Lichfield's bell tower and the tree that marks the grave of Simon de Montfort, 4 August 1265



# RADA AT 50

Strictly speaking RADA is older than fifty by a pretty full decade. Though the Incorporated Academy of Dramatic Art held its first statutory meeting on 5 March, 1914—the Royal Charter was granted six years later—its inception dates from 1904 when actor-manager Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree began to teach their trade to student actors in the dome of the then His Majesty's Theatre. In 1905 Tree moved his infant Academy to an old Bloomsbury house; the address in 1964 remains the same though the building is new and much larger. Mr. John Fernald, RADA's Principal since 1955, talked to *Robert Wraight* at the start of a jubilee year marked by an adventurous American tour. *Romano Cagnoni* took the pictures, which include a gallery of recent graduates

Right: Principal of RADA, Mr. John Fernald, talks to the group of students selected for the first American tour, most of whom are in their fifth and sixth terms. The RADA touring company open with the Fernald-directed *Macbeth* in Tucson, Arizona, on Friday. During their six weeks in Arizona they will also present *As You Like It* and Webster's *The White Devil*. Top right: in a fourth term tutorial Miss Mary Duff comments on a Wesker monologue delivered by one of the students, on the right another student, Miss Claire Jenkins, makes mental notes for her own performance. Top centre: at another tutorial Miss Tina Packer quotes—of all Shakespeare parts—*Macbeth* to student Mr. John Leeson (left), tutor Mr. Paul Lee, and student Mr. R. Pickup who plays *Macbeth* in Arizona. Top far right: Miss Mary Phillips, a senior teacher who deputises in the absence of the Principal, conducts a mime class in which a man dreams that everybody has been turned into umbrellas on legs.





# RADA AT 50

You are young and good looking and you think you would like to be an actor. You know you have much to learn and you decide that the best place to learn it is the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. You write for a prospectus and when it arrives you open it excitedly and begin to read. You scan a list of Associate Members and note among those who were once RADA students, Richard Attenborough, Jill Bennett, Albert Finney, Trevor Howard, Barbara Jefford, Vivien Leigh, Peter O'Toole, Dorothy Tutin, Susannah York. And already you can see your name there in lights with theirs. Then you turn the page and get the first of a number of surprises, warnings and shocks.

*Acting cannot be taught, you read. And later: The working day is normally of about eight hours staggered between 10 a.m. and 9.30 p.m. And still later: For actresses merely to have talent is not enough; their talent must be outstanding.* By the time you have finished reading you have the impression that the object of the prospectus is to put you off going to RADA and that the author of it will sigh with relief if you decide, after all, to forget acting and go in for business or modelling instead.

And you are right. Sighing with relief every day at the thought of how many people like you he has frightened away is Mr. John Fernald who proudly boasts that since he became Principal of RADA in 1955 the number of students has been cut by more than half, from about 330 to 140. In the old, pre-Fernald days the annual intake of new students represented about 25 per cent of candidates at the entrance test; today it is seven per cent. This has been made possible economically by the simple expedient of increasing the tuition fees (and no doubt also by the considerable sum now accruing from the royalties of *My Fair Lady* under the terms of the bequest made to RADA in the will of George Bernard Shaw). "They were absurdly low," says Mr. Fernald. Present rate is £80 a term.

From the start the motto of the Fernald regime has been "quality not quantity." The smaller number of students has made possible a university-type tutorial system in which a small group work together with the same tutor throughout all but the first term of a two year course. "The tutors help them with all their artistic problems," Mr. Fernald told me, and added, "And their emotional ones too."

In his own estimation Fernald's most important contribution to RADA lies in the fact that he is a man of the theatre, a producer of nearly 40 years standing, and still works outside the Academy. This has made it possible for him to ensure that by the time a student gets his diploma he has acquired not only a technique but also an experience of acting under professional conditions. To provide this experience RADA's own theatre, the Vanbrugh, is run like a commercial rep. (with the important difference that its seats are all free to the public) in which the students give an evening performance virtually every weekday and frequent matinées as well. Recent productions include *Murder in*







Most spectacular of John Fernald's innovations at RADA is the establishment of a theatre which works with the clockwork regularity of any repertory. There were twelve productions in the twelve weeks of last term and the pictures on this page highlight four of them

Left: a scene from Jean Genet's *The Maids*. Right: *The Importance of Being Earnest*—the company had just returned from a tour of Holland

Centre right: first British production of Ionesco's farce *Foursome*

Below right: Jean Anouilh's farce, *Episode in the Life of an Author*, also the first British production. The last two named formed part of a bill of one-act plays. The RADA theatre offers the widest international programme and an unorthodox selection of plays which range from tragedies to musicals, from classics to experimental pieces, while retaining a certain preference for anything of which the commercial theatre still fights shy. It is also a touring theatre playing the West of England and Northern Ireland, the York, Aldeburgh and King's Lynn Festivals as well as Holland, Switzerland and Norway. The whole system originates from Fernald's basic idea that his students should become professional actors before leaving RADA. It is his case that they can only perfect their talents in contact with as many and as varied audiences in different theatres as RADA can find for them. The results have not been without reward. Fernald quotes with pride the fact that of 63 students who finished the course in the year up to June, 1963, 58 already had at that date a remunerative professional position, though he would hardly claim that all of them got the jobs he would have wished for them







# RADA AT 50

*the Cathedral, 'Tis Pity She's a Whore, The Importance of Being Earnest, The Silver Curlew and one-acters by Anouilh, Genet and Ionesco.*

But this is not all. No opportunity to send a successful Vanbrugh production on tour in this country or abroad is missed. In recent years RADA companies have presented Ibsen in Norway and Shaw in Ireland and made triumphal visits to Switzerland and Holland. Two days ago a sizable company flew to Arizona where they will play *Macbeth*, *As You Like It* and Webster's *The White Devil*.

"An idealist American wrote for help with his Shakespeare quatercentenary celebrations," explained Mr. Fernald who, incidentally, was born in California. "He was probably thinking of Finney and Gielgud but I suggested that we might do it."

All this means long hours such as were unknown in the old days. "I've probably over-worked some of them," the Principal admits. "And sometimes I've been surprised to find that young people have less stamina than old ones like me. But we have to work them hard to do everything in a two-year course. On the Continent it's usually four."

John Fernald is 58, his hair is a distinguished grey, but in him still burns an enthusiasm for the theatre that, as one realizes after a few moments with him, amounts almost to fanaticism.

"We will have no one here who expects to be taught to act," he says. "What we teach is the technique by which someone with a natural talent for acting, and with imagination, intelligence, courage and determination can transfer what he feels here"—patting his stomach with both hands—"to the heart of an audience."

Gone are the days, he told me, when fond mamas thought RADA was a finishing school and sent their daughters to learn deportment. Gone, too, is the "RADA accent," that favourite butt of theatre critics in the past. Today RADA teaches Standard English—and is sometimes criticized for that.

Standard English? Mr. Fernald found it hard to define. It is, he said, unaffected pure English, not Kensingtonian or huntin', shootin' and fishin'. It is such that no comedian can get a laugh simply by using it. A student who comes to the Academy with, say, a Cockney or a Brummagem accent is taught to use Standard English generally and make his original accent part of his equipment for character acting along with all other sorts of accent.

The way the students live has also changed drastically in recent years. Very few now have private incomes or are kept by parents. The majority live on grants from local education authorities. The Academy itself awards a number of scholarships which are worth considerably less than the average educational authority grant and are given only to "candidates of exceptional merit who can prove they are in genuine need." A scholarship, then, is invariably accompanied by hardship, but it usually goes to the best type of student, a student who has



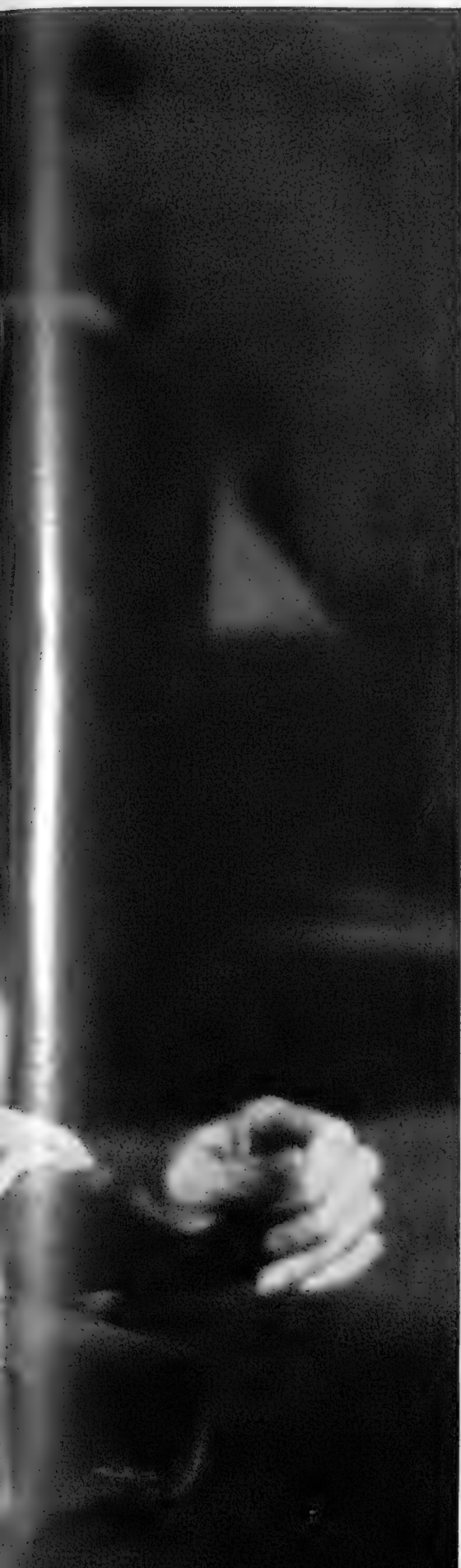
Above: Sian Phillips (Mrs. Peter O'Toole) was photographed with daughter Kate, 4, at their Hampstead home. Miss Phillips, currently in Robert Bolt's play *Gentle Jack* at the Queen's Theatre, still remembers "the horror" of competing for a RADA scholarship in the unlit practice theatre

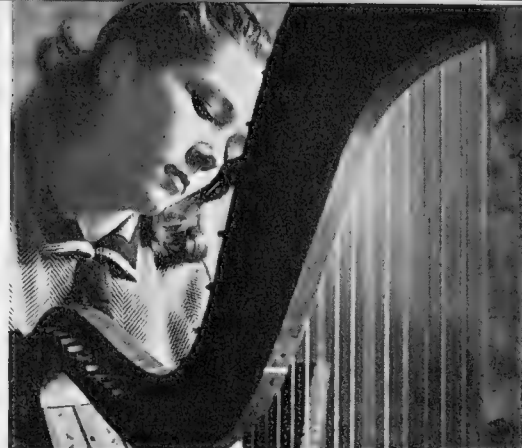
Top left: John Stride with his wife, former RADA student Virginia Thomas, and their daughter Philippa, received a RADA scholarship plus a weekly £4 after successful performances as Anthony and Hamlet in Michael Croft's first productions at Alleyn's School. Stride, the Old Vic's last Romeo is now a member of the National Theatre

Top centre: Anne Beach, soon to be seen in *The Seagull*, first play of the English Stage Company's new West End season, began as a BBC singer and first arrived at RADA too young for an audition. Admitted to a Highgate hostel and preparatory academy then linked with RADA she ended as "most promising 16-year-old" among its 30-odd boarders

Top far left: Susannah York, starring in *The Wings of the Dove* at the Lyric Theatre, was photographed in a Chelsea antiques shop. She emerged from her Northampton boarding school unsure whether to become an actress or an academic (English Literature and Latin). She chose RADA, where it was said that her movements lacked precision and her diction was too rapid. Hard work made a happy ending in the part of Nora in *A Doll's House* and a contract with Worthing Repertory. After *The Greengage Summer* and *Tom Jones* she could claim to be a film star, but doesn't

Left: Sarah Miles, critically acclaimed for her role in the film *The Servant*, did so badly at her first RADA audition that she went happily home to the country to become a horse trainer. Informed of her acceptance by letter she did not want to go but finally gave in to her mother. Sent down after her third term she was given a second chance, changed to her mother's maiden name and was surprised that, even to her own critical eye, the new Miss Baskerville did slightly better than the old Miss Miles. Two terms later she changed her name back and won success in the Vanbrugh production of *Six Characters in Search of an Author*





# RADA AT 50



perhaps first been to university and used his grant there and is now ready to make any sacrifice to become a good actor.

The stringent vetting of prospective students and the toughness of the course the successful ones must take has already paid off. The past few years has seen the emergence from Gower Street of an impressive galaxy of young actors and actresses whose names are widely known.

Most of these were working in repertory companies, the best place for them however good they are, Mr. Fernald believes. "It is not always good to go straight to the West End." And of television he said, like the dedicated theatre man he is, "The standard of acting is often lamentably low, isn't it?"

There is also, I was relieved to find, a milder side to his personality. It emerged for me at the last moment of our interview when, on the instructions of a cat-lover in my own family, I asked what he meant by describing one of his recreations, listed in *Who's Who*, as "looking at cats." He answered by handing me a photograph from his desk. Like a proud father he said, "That's Liz. She's 18. She'll come to me from one end of the house to the other as soon as I whistle the *Barcarolle* from *Tales of Hoffman*. The cat I mean. The girl is my daughter Karin." Karin is, of course, an actress.

Left: Tom Courtenay, from Hull, studies his new part in *Andorra*, by Max Frisch, the National Theatre's next production. Former student of English at London's University College, he played in productions of the dramatic society there and later gained a RADA scholarship. He found the going difficult but as a finalist played first a Teddy boy in a musical and then *Faust*. His first professional part was at the Old Vic in Fernald's production of *The Seagull*. Fame came with *Billy Liar*. Below left: Ann Bell, from Liverpool, TV's *Jane Eyre*, was quite convinced she had failed her RADA audition. Her first three terms there were not easy but the second year "went like a flash." From RADA she went to play in *The Seagull* at Nottingham where her performance so impressed Fernald that he called her back to London to play the same part at the Old Vic. Top left: Diana Rigg, from Doncaster, the Royal Shakespeare Theatre's young heroine, is willing to admit that she was not RADA's most assiduous pupil. London's social life involved her rapidly and it was not until her second year that she began to decide which parts would suit her best. In her last term she was asked to alternate with Sian Phillips, star-student of her class, as the governor's wife in Brecht's *Caucasian Chalk Circle*. The part helped earn her RADA diploma. Top far left: Richard Briers has made a corner in TV light comedy—biggest success *The Marriage Lines*—but for a long time liked only to play old men parts under the heavy protection of a beard. Fernald built up his confidence and though he left RADA without a prize he did have a year's contract to Liverpool.







Mid-winter  
sunshine on  
the terrace of  
the Imperial  
Hotel. Jumper  
suit in beige  
and white  
tweedy knitted  
wool, white-  
collared, by  
Rima Casuals,  
25½ gns. at  
Hunts Dress  
Shops,  
Bond Street;  
McDonalds,  
Glasgow;  
Benny Davis,  
Hanley

## Forecast: Sunshine

It's an optimist who'll guarantee a heatwave the spring and summer through—even long-range forecasters tend to hedge their bets—but realists know that the sun can shine with real warmth on any day of the year even in England. To prove it, these pictures were taken at Torquay on a balmy winter's day that the natives took for granted. Suntrap there is the Imperial Hotel, whose palms and terraces and Riviera-like view across Torbay made a perfect setting for a first picking of spring clothes chosen by Unity Barnes



Understandably admired by the hotel pageboy, a dress in grey Shetland tweed with a smooth unbroken line, a very new look about the tucked barrel sleeves. By Jane & Jane, £18 10s. at Peter Jones; Gay Gething, Hereford; The Boutique, Grimsby. Pearl and gilt pendant-brooch on a gilt chain by Corocraft, 29s. 6d. at Dickins & Jones



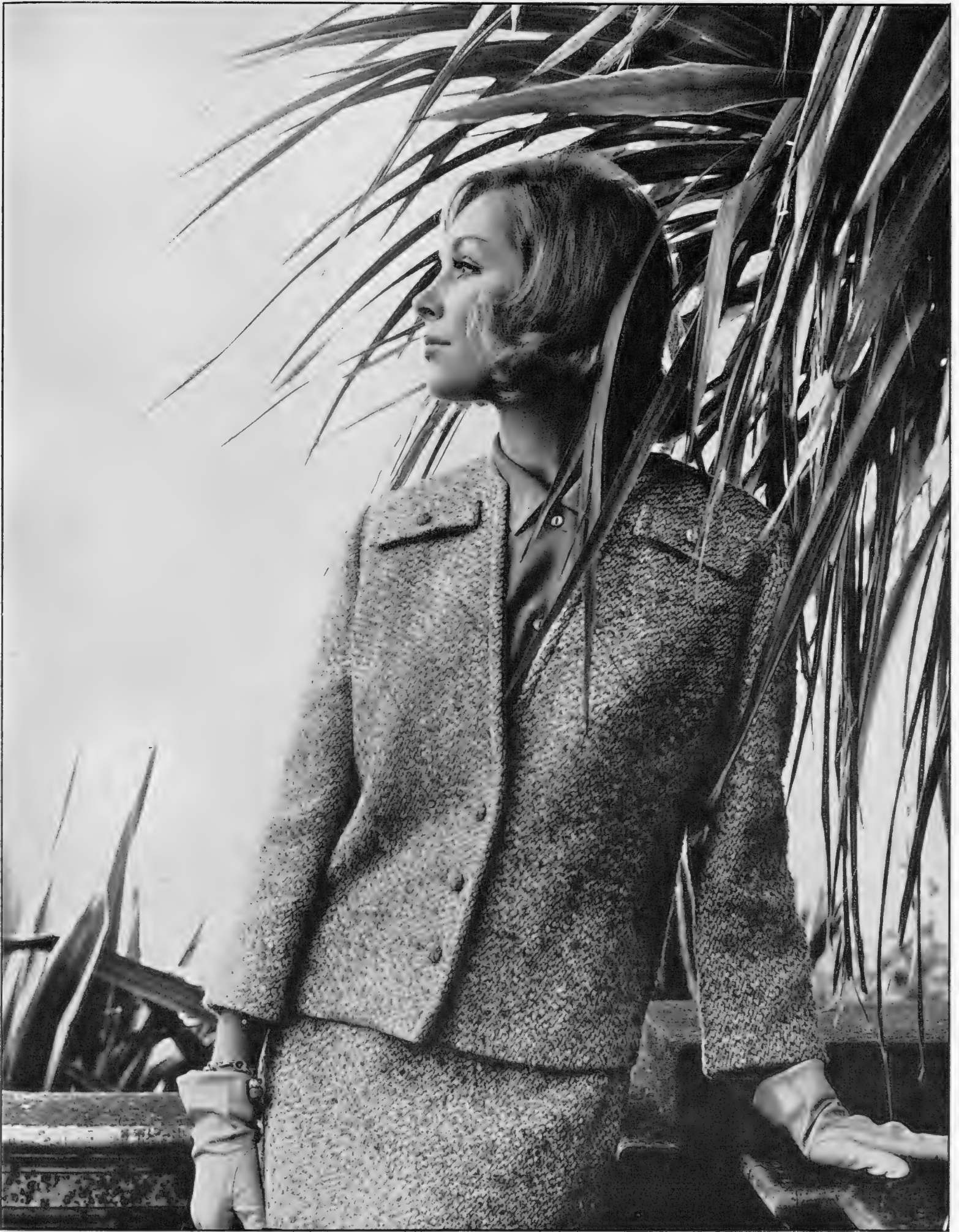


The rooms in the new wing of the hotel have an unbroken view of Torbay; at night distant pearl-strung lights are the only clue. In party mood, a dress of brilliant pink wild silk with demurely flat collar, long buttoned cuffs. By Robert Dorland, 18½ gns. at Chanelle, Knightsbridge and other branches; Browns of Chester; Dalys, Glasgow



Against a Mediterranean-like backdrop of sea and rocks, seen from the hotel's beach, a casual look composed of navy and white reversible skirt in thick wool (the other side is all navy) by Dereta, £4 9s. 6d. at Harrods; Skirt Shops, Bristol; Bentalls, Kingston. The sweater in navy lambswool, shirt-necked, is by Lyle & Scott, 3 gns. at Peter Jones; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham; Fenwicks, Newcastle-on-Tyne



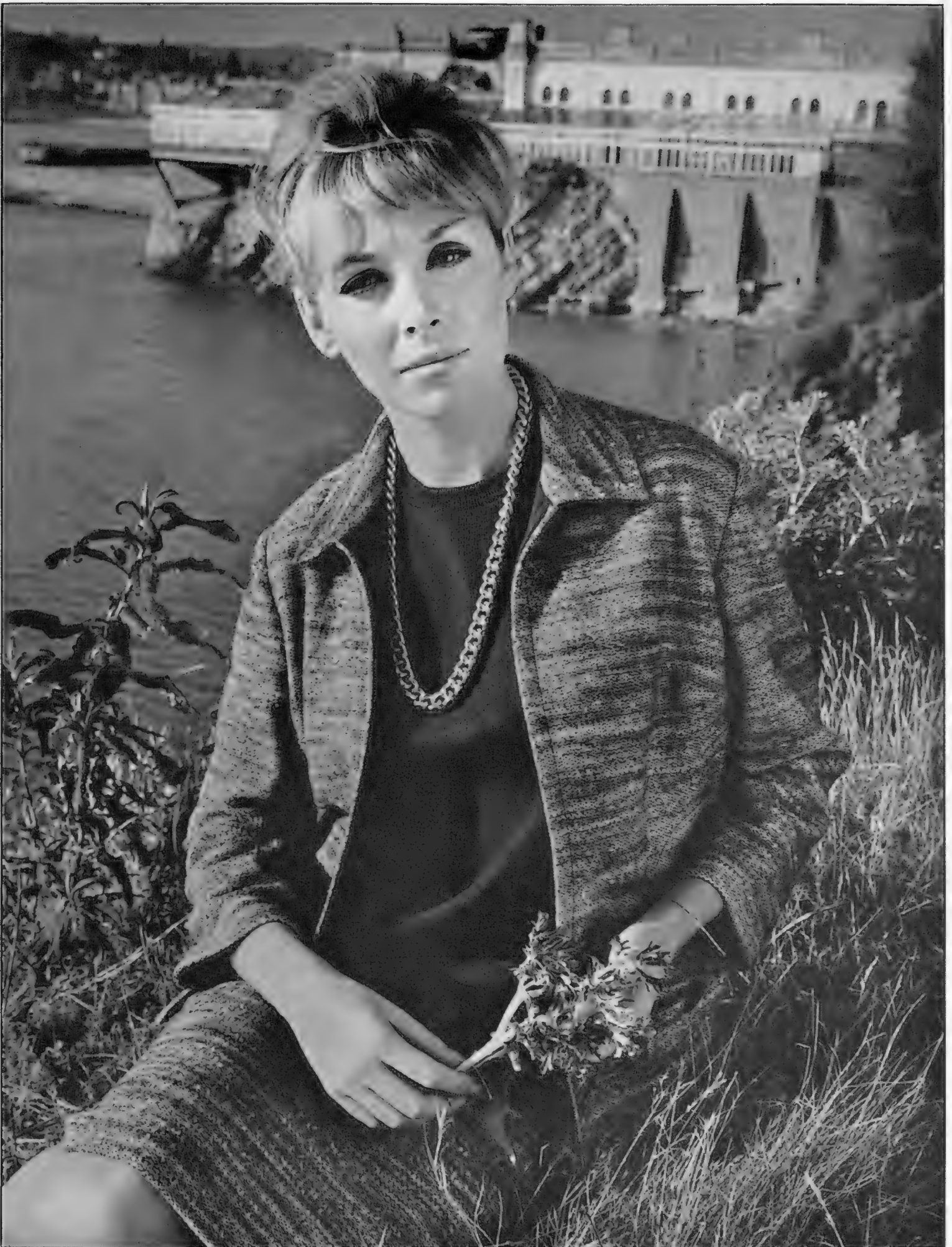


Shaded by palm trees in the grounds of the Imperial Hotel, an oatmeal tweed cardigan suit with a caramel shantung shirt. By Dereta, £11 0s. 6d. at D. H. Evans; Kendal Milne, Manchester; Rackhams, Birmingham



Another look at Torre Abbey (the house is now a museum, the grounds open to the public). The black and white tweed coat, young and positive, is by Mono, 13 gns. at Liberty; Darling's, Edinburgh; Browns of Chester. Black leather beret by Dolores, £4 7s. 6d. at Peter Jones; Marshall & Snelgrove, Leeds. Black leather boots 10 gns. at Charles Jourdan





Flower-gathering on the cliff edge below the Imperial Hotel, in a tweed jersey suit of olive and beige, with an olive green sweater. By Dobett, £16 19s. 6d. at Marshall & Snelgrove, London, Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, Leeds and Harrogate, and at Browns of Chester. Gilt chain by Jewelcraft, 10s. 6d. at Bourne & Hollingsworth



The medieval gatehouse of Torre Abbey, on the outskirts of Torquay, is the setting for a late-afternoon sunshine picture. The black and white checked jersey suit with a tie-necked sweater in scarlet wool, is by Toplet, 15 gns. at Gorrings; County Clothes, Cheltenham; Isabel Carson Boutique, Henley-on-Thames.





BARRY WARNER

# LAMPLIGHTING

## COUNTERSPY BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

The dazzling white lamp that shines on a gloomy winter's night provides just the right pool of visibility in a dark room. The lamp scores most in an older house where it is better to ignore the stucco decoration for a central light. Because unless the room is an exceptionally large and grand one, anything you care to hang from the centre tends to look either over luxe (chandeliers) or faintly incongruous (modern pendant fittings).  
Lamplighting from left: White alabaster column about two foot high: General Trading Company, 5 gns. Palest pistachio green onyx lamp with a milk glass shade and gold feet and fittings: 22 gns. at Harrods.

White ceramic Corinthian column with a shade that looks like white pleated chiffon. This one is washable and has a luminous quality when lit. Lamp by Casa Pupo at Liberty, £6 15s. Shade £4 13s. 6d. at Liberty. The most enlightened lamplighters in London are: Heals for moderns; John Lewis & Peter Jones for sheer quality-quantity; Liberty for pretty reproductions of old lamps and the newest kind of Japanese rice paper lanterns that are pierced like lace on the outer shade; Casa Pupo for a ceramics of good looking lamps in whiter than white. Woollands now have a room for lamplighters where the newest and prettiest shed a well-designed glow.

# on plays

UNSURE USTINOV

Mr. Peter Ustinov has written *The Life in My Hands* like a man who has just discovered that the death penalty exists—and that he is against it. And if that is unfair, then it is no more unfair than the disappointment felt by the playgoer who has traipsed up to the Nottingham Playhouse in the happy expectation of seeing and hearing another Ustinov play of wit, good sense and perhaps a touch of fantasy. In fact, as one knows, Mr. Ustinov has been arguing against death sentences for some years, and with convincing grounds for his argument. The chagrin felt by the audience at being presented with a fairly shapeless but portentous play is

because one felt one could count on him for a more subtle touch even when he was dealing with a subject of such major importance.

However, there it is: a play which may not be but certainly feels over-long, in which this most gifted playwright only allows a few glimpses of his brilliance to show.

The narrator, whose confidential talks with the audience link the scenes of the play together, is the prototype of the seedy, chain-smoking journalist; his editor a breezy amoralist and both of them closer to caricature than is permissible for a writer who must, surely, at least once have seen the inside of a news-

paper office? The problem is the rape and subsequent death of a mentally irresponsible young girl for which a man has been tried and condemned to death. (It is explained that the country in which this takes place is an unspecified one but the legal processes are pretty close to the English ones.) There is considerable local feeling that the death sentence should not be carried out and the chief speaker in this cause is the student son of the Minister in whose power it lies to commute the sentence or pardon the prisoner. This boy, vigorously and sensitively played by Mr. Ian McKellen, argues passionately with his father and, either in order to bolster his case or to break the older man down, tells him that not only has he himself barely escaped the predicament of the accused but that he knows some extremely unsavoury details about his own father's early life. This, since the

mother is present at the scenes, has the effect of breaking up all pretence of family unity while leaving the Minister unshaken in his decision to go through with the court's sentence.

Here it should be said that Mr. Leo McKern as the Minister gives by far the best performance of the evening and brings a fire and intensity, as well as a semblance of integrity to the part which give the play its best moments. The boy is an idealist, lamentably given to expressing himself in clichés; the father a materialist but by no means a bad man, capable of salvaging dignity from an intolerable situation. I cannot remember having seen Mr. McKern more at advantage. In the end the accused man dies while the family tensely count off the minutes to his execution and the son rushes out to return to his university and die on the way there in a car accident which seemed to me to prove nothing at all for either side.

Through all this there have been interventions by the editor, by a deeply concerned young doctor who gives as his opinion that the law cannot be renewed without martyrs, and legal and psychiatric experts. None of this, though, has the effect of heightening the tension which, on the contrary, is slackened by one speech—I had almost written one lecture—after another. The result, curiously enough, is a series of false dawns and anti-climaxes with the ubiquitous reporter advancing to the brink of the stalls to make his comments and lay bare the peculiar aridity of his own private life. Before the final curtain falls another suspect in another murder case has been shepherded across the stage on his way to a further exposure to legal processes, and the great question is still unresolved. Paradoxically, it is in this lack of neat, acceptable answer that one of the few strengths of the play abides. It is impossible for Mr. Ustinov to write wholly badly and in this very lack of determination one can see and recall his usual mastery of stage and dramatic technique.

If this were the work of a new or a less distinguished playwright one would set out to find some palliatives. But Mr. Ustinov is not that. He is one of our major writers for the stage and, having shown us over and over again what he is capable of, we naturally want to see him again at his best. I just hope that at this very minute he is hard at work on his next play.



Max Frisch is the author of the National Theatre's next presentation *Andorra* which opens there next Tuesday. It has been translated by Michael Bullock and features Tom Courtenay and Diana Wynyard in the leading roles. Lindsay Anderson directs



# on films

## SELLERS ON TOP FORM

Perhaps the nicest thing about **The Pink Panther**—apart from the deliciously funny credit titles, which straightaway put one in a jolly mood—is that it's so agreeably relaxed about sex. Unlike the other two Hollywood comedies newly sprung upon us, this one does not approach the subject in a side-long, sniggery sort of way. It boldly supports the Gallic point of view—that infidelity does not necessarily make for an unhappy marriage, provided the extra-marital affairs are conducted with discretion and the *convenances* of domestic life scrupulously observed.

Beautiful Capucine, married to Mr. Peter Sellers, a bungling, butter-fingered French Inspector of Police, gives her husband no cause for uneasiness. He adores his exquisitely elegant wife and is perfectly happy with her. That she is the accomplice and mistress of the Phantom (a notorious jewel thief Mr. Sellers has long been vainly pursuing) he never suspects, and he is sufficiently naïve to believe she buys her mink coats and model gowns (from M. Yves St. Laurent) out of the money she frugally saves from her housekeeping allowance.

We know, early on and through a miraculously slick quick-change act by Capucine, that Mr. Sellers is being deceived—but we don't feel sorry for him because, though fantastically accident-prone, he has a remarkably high opinion of himself and his ability to rise to any occasion. Inured to disaster, he accepts every contretemps with only slightly wounded resignation. It's impossible not to imagine that when he discovers he has been betrayed from start to finish, he will quietly take this, too, as just one of those things.

Signorina Claudia Cardinale, an Indian princess who owns a priceless gem called the Pink Panther, is winter-sporting at Cortina, and Mr. Sellers whisks Capucine off to this glamorous resort because he's dead sure the Phantom will be hanging around to steal the jewel. And for once, he's dead right, though naturally he's far slower than you will be in identifying Mr. David Niven, a titled English playboy, as the elusive, Raffles-type rascal.

Who cares if the situations that follow are not entirely new, as long as they are freshly and pacily presented by the director, Mr. Blake Edwards? A seduction scene in which the seducer defeats his own ends (Signorina Cardinale sweetly passes out on the champagne with which Mr. Niven has too pressingly plied her), a crazy bedroom scene (Capucine concealing Messrs. Niven and Robert Wagner from her baffled husband), the wild masked ball that explodes into an inadvertent fireworks display, the dotty street scene with a dazed pedestrian standing transfixed as the cars of the escaping crooks and the pursuing cops whizz round him in ever-decreasing circles—I thought they were all most wittily handled. They certainly made me laugh.

Mr. Sellers, too often guilty of mere impersonation, has made the Inspector a real, recognizable character, a dumb, dogged man who takes a sort of pride in the fact that Fate has singled him out as the perpetual victim of the cussedness of inanimate objects and the duplicity of people. Capucine,

greatly underrated as an actress, gives (to my mind) a sophisticated and charming light comedy performance. I can't, offhand, think of anyone who could improve upon it.

The chief impression given by **Who's Been Sleeping in My Bed?** is that American wives must be the most frustrated females on the face of the earth. Surrounded with labour-saving devices which take all the drudgery out of their days, they simply do not know what to do with their conserved energy in the evenings—for once the honeymoon's over, the American husband leaves the little woman strictly alone o' nights and goes off to play poker with "the boys". Who, if this is the case, would want to marry an American?

Well, Miss Elizabeth Montgomery does. She wants to marry Mr. Dean Martin, a TV actor whose bedside manner as an omniscient bachelor doctor in a popular medical series has made him the darling of millions, coast to coast. Mr. Martin is not sure that matrimony is a good idea. All his poker-playing pals seem to have discontented wives. In fact, no sooner has Mr. Martin settled down to a quiet game with them than the telephone rings, and it's one or another of these lividly languishing ladies imploring him to give her a private consultation.

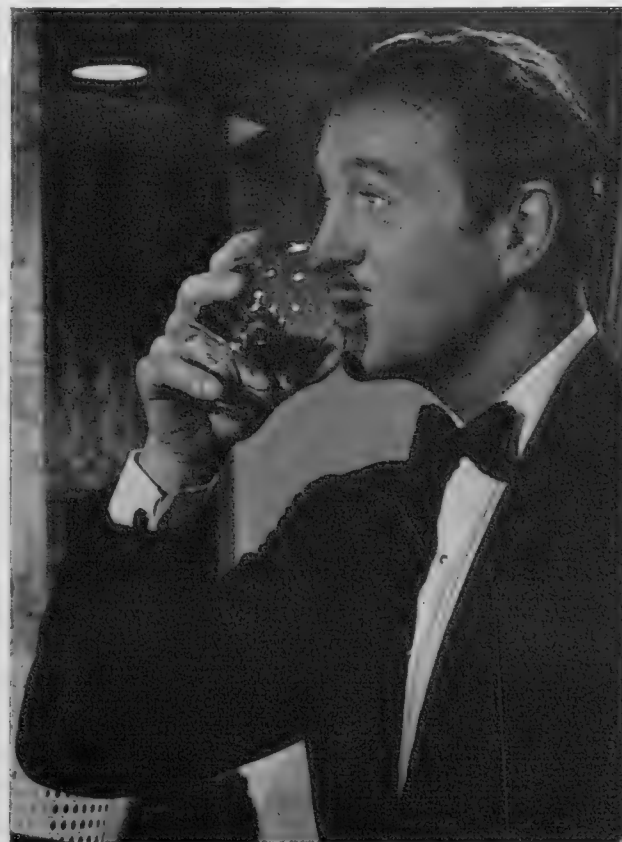
Too kind hearted to refuse

and too sporting to tell the unsuspecting husbands, Mr. Martin is soon embarrassingly entangled with three frantic females who, identifying him with his TV character, are convinced he's the only man who'll ever understand them. Their advances are eminently uninhibited but, as the film archly insists, get them nowhere. Nobody sleeps in Mr. Martin's bed, except Mr. Martin—and he's still as pure as the driven snow when he finally makes up his mind to marry Miss Montgomery and be done with it.

There's one very funny scene, in the consulting room of a bogus psychiatrist (Mr. Martin Balsam), and Mr. Martin undeniably has his moments—but the sex-starved-wives joke, never a good one, palls unbearably in the course of 102 long minutes.

Any film that reduces dear Mr. Jack Lemmon to the level of a lecherous *voyeur* is "out" with me. I found **Under the Yum Yum Tree**, in which he plays a landlord who takes an unseemly interest in the affairs of his tenants, a tasteless bore. Miss Carol Lynley and her boy friend, Mr. Dean Jones, a young couple experimenting in sexless cohabitation, are excruciatingly uninteresting. A resolute-looking, businesslike marmalade cat is the one redeeming feature.

Two of England's most famous exponents of comedy star together in *The Pink Panther*. David Niven (right) plays the Phantom, an exclusive jewel thief, and Peter Sellers (left) is the French police inspector who attempts to capture him.



# on books

SOME MEDIUM-LIGHTS



ISLA Y LYONS

The historical novelist Bryher, whose *The Coin of Carthage*, just published by Collins at 18s., is the Book Society choice for Jan/Feb

Gauguin represents, not just adequately but flamboyantly, the popular notion of the artist as the romantic rebel, the man who throws over wife, children, respectability for a free life in the South Seas and a good deal of free love to boot. Being more attracted to the idea of the artist as plumber and non-neurotic artisan, it was agreeable to find that Henri Perruchot's *Gauguin* (Perpetua Books 42s.) translated by Humphrey Hare and edited by Jean Ellsmoor, records his transition from stockbroker to full-time painter with emphasis on the obsession for work, the courage and the ruthless disregard for appalling practical difficulties that Gauguin showed at all times. He endured extreme poverty, hunger and sickness in order to paint the way he had to; it's a picture of a man not particularly sympathetic, but astonishing and worthy of respect.

As with all the books in this series, the photographs are superb—Gauguin trouserless, but wearing shirt-tails and a rather smart jacket, mysteriously playing the harmonium; Gauguin, remote and somehow like Basil Rathbone wearing a Russian hat; Pahura, the native girl Gauguin loved, as a lined old lady in 1930, sitting beside the painter's accordion.

**The West Indies at Lord's** by Alan Ross (Eyre & Spottiswoode 15s.) is a charming and exciting book written by my favourite cricket correspondent ("Driving to Lord's from my flat in Knightsbridge, I took it easy. The sky, devoid of blue, had that grey blotting-paper texture that usually worsens

rather than improves.") It couldn't be anyone but Ross. There are a lot of those invigorating—and to me incomprehensible—photographs of great cricketers jumping up and down and waving their arms in the air apparently just before falling over, which I always greatly admire. A nice book for a cold winter.

Pierre Cabanne's *The Great Collectors* (Cassell 35s.) runs from one formidable lady to another—Catherine the Great to Peggy Guggenheim—with some not inconsiderable gentlemen in between. The scale of operations is amazing, the tone cheerful and enthusiastic, and Miss Guggenheim, with her one abstract, one Surrealist earring and her *Vissi d'arte, vissi d'amore* approach to life, is really worth a whole book on her own.

If, stunned by bills, the climate and guilt about not having fixed your summer holiday for the year after next, you are unequal to any sort of even medium heavy reading, the answer is probably *The Saturday Book* edited by John Hadfield (Hutchinson 35s.). This nice fat soothing book, suitable for guest rooms, coffee tables and the posher lavatories where reading matter is always provided, includes essays and pretty pictures on Mrs. Bloomer, postcards, chimney-sweeps, Japan, the octopus, ironwork, Marie Laurencin, modern jewellery and other such pleasant subjects. It's just like a high-class magazine in hard covers, and comes in a box which at once translates it into the gift class.

*Briefly . . . Of Flowers and a Village* by Wilfred Blunt (Hamish Hamilton 25s.) is said by the author to be mostly fiction, and is written in the form of letters to a sick goddaughter. The matter of the book is village gossip, news about the writer's garden, and odds and ends of information about plants past and present. The book has a great deal of charm, not least because the author cherishes such a delectable amount of real catty dislike for so many of his invented characters, especially some of the wholly unforgivable women. . . . *The Playhouse in England* by Stephen Joseph (Barrie & Rockliff 25s.) is a pleasant, simple and well-illustrated history from church performances to theatre-in-the-round. . . . *My Best ABC Book* (Macmillan, cloth boards 8s. 6d., limp 6s.) has animal pictures from Bewick's wood engravings and is very pretty, though not such a blazing knock-out as Brian Wildsmith's now famous ABC or Parents'

*Delight. . . . Herbs, Flavours and Spices* by Elizabeth Hayes (Faber 30s.) is an enchanting book about herbs, much influenced by Gerard's *Herball*, with histories, how to grow and dry herbs, and recipes (about the only place where the American-ness of the book intrudes—Garlic Clam Crisps de Blanche, my goodness.) A good book for picking up and reading random and piecemeal.

And lastly, Fr. Rolfe or Frederick Baron Corvo, that cross, gloomy Catholic convert and man of anger and despair, seems to be coming back to fashion, and Catto's have published *Don Renato* (30s.) and Penguins the best-known novel *Hadrian the Seventh* (5s.) Rolfe was one of those unhappy men who are more interesting than their work, and has already been the inspiration for *The Quest for Corvo* and a brilliant black comedy by Pamela Hansford-Johnson. I find his own writing turgid, queasily overwritten, thick and unappetising as old cold soup.

GERALD LASCELLES

# on records

ALL BRITISH



Flashback to summer: a group at the jazz party given at Fort Belvedere by the Hon. Gerald Lascelles (second from left). With him are (left to right) Buck Clayton, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, Bud Freeman and Dizzy Gillespie

Far too often jazz listeners in England are too quick in dismissing their fellow-countrymen's efforts, reassured by reading and hearing the repeated criticism that our musicians can never do more than ape the works of the Americans. Obviously such broad generalizations are both damaging and blatantly unjust to the hard core of jazzmen in Britain who have devoted their energies to

the genuinely creative aspect of their music, and I am always very happy when a record turns up to prove and perpetuate something of importance.

When I got Humphrey Lyttelton to team up with Buck Clayton last summer in Manchester I expected a few mutual sparks to ignite the fire that burns in the hearts of such dedicated men. What I could not anticipate was that the



flame would burn so brightly that it lasted until a month later, when Humphrey's band and Buck appeared at Inter-laken, there to record a memorable studio session which World Record Club has just issued under the title of **Me and Buck**. The two horn players blend as if they had spent a lifetime together, to produce such epics as *Humph and me* and *Fondu head*, and the whole group is transformed in *Tam* and *Cotton tail*. The significance is that the whole group shares the inspiration, so that I cannot tell where Buck leaves off inspiring them and they take on inspiring him! Out of that mixture is true jazz born.

Another British group has a new album this month, which takes on a geographical wild-goose chase. It is Bruce Turner's **Going Places** (Philips), which produces several interesting tracks, but the disappointment for me is that all the numbers are kept so very short. Now I have never been an advocate of the seven or ten minute work-out on every number just because they are all going to be crammed or spread out to fill one 12 in. long-play, but to fill an entire session with three-minute pieces seems bad direction on any count. Bruce not only says his piece superbly—his is the great alto saxophone voice in Europe today—but ensures that his sidemen can have their proper say. Given a chance to settle down, this is one of the most relaxed bands in the world, and they too could be relied on to

support a visiting soloist in their midst. Canada's prolific song-writer, Galt MacDermot, wrote all the pieces in Ken Jones' new record, **Galt MacDermot by arrangement** (Columbia) and taped them on piano for Ken to orchestrate. Like his well-known best-seller *African Waltz*, Galt's themes all have an infectious lilt which lends itself to the type of scoring which Ken does so well. A high spot is Kenny Baker's trumpet solo in *Culled from the dross*.

I do not need **London Trad Scene—the '50s** (Ace of Clubs) to remind me that this was when the rot started. Several of these tracks offer mediocre music, but the two pieces led by clarinetist Wally Fawkes tower head and shoulders over the remainder, with Alex Welsh and Mick Mulligan following in the same Dixieland vein. A very different sort of music used to fall from the fingers of British pioneer pianist George Shearing in those far-back days, before his adoption of the piano/guitar/vibraphone sound which made him famous. It is a strange coincidence that in 1962 he recorded an album of trio numbers, **Jazz Moments** (Capitol), which returns to the sound he used before he left England. More important, he made this session with two outstanding accompanists—drummer Vernell Fournier and bassist Israel Crosby; in fact it was the bass player's last recording date before he died, acknowledged as the finest small group instrumentalist of his time.

ROBERT WRAIGHT

## on galleries

### TWO WORLDS OF DIFFERENCE

How much effect does environment have on an artist's work? How much effect does it have first on his vision and then on his mode of expressing that vision? The question, to which every artist will probably answer differently, is prompted by an exhibition called **Two Worlds**, now at the Grabowski Gallery in Kensington. On show is the work of eight Polish artists—Gostomski, Makowski, Laczynski, Owidski, Krasnowski, Baranowska, Pniewska and Frenkiel—five of whom live in Warsaw, three of whom have lived in this country for 16 or 17 years and are now Londoners. What differences would you expect to find?

The remarkable thing about this exhibition is that, given only the numerical fact of five and three and working on the assumption that environment not only produces effects that show in an artist's work but also that the effects of the same environment may produce similarities in the work of different artists, it is easy to tell which of these Poles are still in Poland and which are here. It is easy because the pictures fall obviously into two groups, one of paintings done with paint in what are now conventional styles, the other of collages and constructions made with wallpaper, wire wool, scraps of aluminium, tufts of fur, bits of



Karl Weshke, who has just had a one man show at the Grosvenor Gallery, watches the sea come in near his home at St. Just, Cornwall

plaster board sprayed with paint, old rope and all the other junk now in fashion with the *avant-garde*.

Easy, you may say, but you will probably be wrong. Three artists, the Londoners Baranowska, Frenkiel and Laczynski painted the first group. The *avant-gardists* are the four men and one woman behind the Iron Curtain. That such art is permitted in Poland may come as a surprise. Even more surprising is that one of these artists, Owidski, who makes his pictures out of folded wallpaper, is a teacher at the Academy of Fine Arts in Warsaw. This, and the fact that the five have been allowed to send their work to London, suggests that even if the Polish government does, as I am told it does, look with official disapproval on experimental art, it makes little or no effort to suppress it. Apparently the disapproval takes no harsher form than ridicule at the hands of the art critics of the official newspapers. Since all the newspapers are official there is little sympathy with these artists and most of the few customers for their pictures come from foreign embassies.

In the absence of statements from the artists we can only guess at all the motivating forces that drive them, but it is certain that one of these forces is a reaction against the stultifying effects of two decades of Socialist Realism (or Socialist Romanticism as its later manifestations might more accurately be called). Instead of the artificial and external dis-

cipline which that kind of art would have meant they preferred an intellectual discipline imposed from within themselves. That they turned to abstraction of the geometric kind was almost inevitable. Subconsciously, or perhaps consciously, it represented the furthestmost point from the thing from which they were running. It is for this reason, I suspect, that most of their work seems to me to be superficial and self-conscious. It is interesting as a temporary manifestation of protest, but while in Poland it may be a daring act of defiance, here it looks old hat and in New York it would look stone dead.

By comparison the paintings by the London Poles are pulsating with life. Having left their homeland before Socialist Realism gripped them they have developed along well-trodden painterly, as distinct from intellectual protestant, paths to abstraction or near-abstraction. Each of them embodies lyrical qualities in his and her (Baranowska's) work that would apparently be anathema to the Warsaw five. Baranowska and Frenkiel have developed personal styles of expressionism that incorporate both abstract and figurative elements and use colour emotionally. Laczynski, to my mind the best of the eight, is a more contemplative painter whose pictures, though they must be classed as abstract, evoke clearly the "feeling" of their subjects—*Leaf*, *Meadow*, *Velvet*, *Apple* and so on.

# on opera

## THE INDOMITABLE SAILS AGAIN

For me, as for most of the younger members of the audience, it was like seeing a new opera—a new Britten opera too. *Billy Budd* has not been seen at Covent Garden since its first dozen performances in 1951. Britten has made a few alterations and re-arranged the work to fall in two acts instead of the original four, which must be an improvement since nothing destroys tension like three intervals.

Herman Melville's story—from which E. M. Forster and Eric Crozier have derived an excellent libretto—is concerned with naval discipline. Billy Budd, an impressed man of good looks and shining goodness, rouses the jealousy of Claggart, the Master-at-Arms, who falsely accuses the boy of inciting mutiny. Billy is afflicted with a nervous stammer and when the charge is made cannot answer, but his emotion causes him to hit out at Claggart in a fatal blow. Under the articles of war the clearly innocent boy must be hanged.

This presents the captain "Starry" Vere with a moral problem. He has, he knows,

seen Good strike down Evil, but the laws of man prevent his saving the innocent boy from the yardarm. The opera is set between a prologue and epilogue showing "Starry" Vere as an old man still tormented by his terrible decision. He draws final comfort from Billy's last words: "'Starry' Vere—God bless you!"

The first half of the opera is, perhaps inevitably, less arresting than the second. In it we are shown life aboard the H.M.S. *Indomitable*, impressed men dragged aboard and bullied by Claggart; the intellectual captain and his officers drinking wine and voicing fears of mutiny; high jinks below deck where Billy is popular. The importance of this build-up is revealed in the second half which starts with an abortive attack on a French ship and followed by the accusation, its result, the court-martial and the hanging. But Basil Coleman's direction could have been a deal sharper; the ship is clearly manned by an opera chorus who know nothing of "dirt and stinking food," and John Piper's sets suggested

no ship that's ever sailed the ocean blue, rather the skeleton of an air raid shelter which no amount of hammocks, ropes or ballast can help. The lighting seemed based on the assumption that as soon as something dramatic happens the lights must dim, turn red or go out.

These production flaws seemed a pity in conjunction with Britten's superb score. The sea, of course, dominates in both the orchestral—mainly woodwind—passages that link the scenes and in the sea songs that are cleverly never made into set numbers but seem to be in the background most of the time. Britten the dramatist reaches his withering peak in the battle scene with all stops out and in the court martial when Billy's final appeal: "Captain Vere, save me," is accompanied by a lacerating melody on the French horn taking us straight to the moving textures of his *Serenade*. The opera was powerfully conducted by Georg Solti and well-sung, notably by Richard Lewis, adding more lustre to his reputation as Vere, and by the American baritone Robert Kerns in the title role. Opera is primarily a province of the emotions where moral problems and intellectual reasoning have little part, but in *Billy Budd* Britten has achieved a synthesis of these opposing planes of the mind

which is intensely affecting.

Things took a turn for the better at the Savoy with what was labelled a "new production" of *The Gondoliers*. Here, at least, was something to listen to with delight, due of course to the presence of Sir Malcolm Sargent in the orchestra pit. His association with the company goes back to 1926 and his handling of the music—revealed these days on records and at the famous Gilbert & Sullivan night at the Proms—has always been characterized by a clean, lively approach; he brings elegance to what can easily be trivial melodies and in ensemble work underlines Sullivan's debt to Rossini. The singers responded well; there are some undernourished voices and some over-enthusiastic ones, but the improvement on previous performances this season is encouraging.

George R. Foa's production is not, however, an improvement. He seems to have ditched the familiar formal routine but replaced them by no clear concept of a workable alternative. The sets and costumes—credited to a number of people—are dull, the second act set actually looked dirty. But in this production the D'Oy Carte are half-way to what regard as an ideal presentation

HELEN BURKE

# DINING IN

## NEGLECTED GOLDMINE

Chicken giblets are much easier to come by these days because of all the birds turning on spits in little restaurants. No one seems to want them, yet they are a wonderful base for many good dishes. For example Chicken Giblet Soup, Chicken Consommé and Giblet Pie. It is much better, however, to think of the dishes you can make or improve with the livers alone.

In a delicatessen or other shop where they roast chicken you may be able to buy the giblets, including the livers, for as little as 1s. 6d. a pound. I do, and making my preference for livers known I sometimes get as many as six in a pound. To make sure of that number, however, I always buy two pounds at a time, and can then bank on good things for several days.

Separate the livers from the

other giblets and go over them for any yellowish tell-tale stains. Cut them out because they would make the livers bitter. Remove also any unwanted tissue. If you cannot use the livers at once, put them in a dish with a loose cover, place them in the coldest part of the refrigerator and they will keep for several days.

For a wonderfully warming GIBLET SOUP on a cold night, make it this way. For 5 to 6 people, trim  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of giblets, including necks, gizzards and hearts. Cut the necks into joints, each gizzard into eight pieces, and quarter the hearts. Wash and dry them. Gently simmer them in 1 oz. of butter in a thick-bottomed soup pot, together with 4 oz. of top leg beef cut into small pieces. Sprinkle over them a level tablespoon of flour and cook to brown it a little. Stir in 3 pints

of water and a chicken cube. In a piece of greaseproof paper put a good pinch of thyme, a very small bay leaf, several parsley stalks, a clove and several celery leaves or a chopped stick of celery. Fold the paper to secure them. Place it on top of the other ingredients and add a finely minced small onion and a little salt and pepper. Cover and leave to cook slowly for 2 hours. Add 2 tablespoons of shredded raw carrot and a tablespoon of finely chopped celery and cook for a further 15 minutes.

Meanwhile, boil a tablespoon of rice in plain water. Drain and add to the soup. Cook for a few minutes. Lift out the greaseproof paper "packet" and squeeze its liquid into the soup. Taste and season further, if necessary. Serve with thin dry toast.

Here is a simple and quickly prepared dish I make fairly often. Several hours before it is required, boil 4 to 6 oz. of long-grained rice (for 4 servings) and leave it to drain.

Melt an ounce of butter in a large frying-pan and fry a chopped shallot in it until it is translucent. Add 6 to 8 oz. of

chicken livers, each cut into to 8 pieces, and season the lightly. Cook for a few minutes and then remove them. Add further ounce of butter to the same frying-pan, and in it fry 2 to 3 oz. of sliced mushroom including the stems, for 1 to 2 minutes. Season them lightly and remove them, too.

Add to the pan about  $\frac{3}{4}$  pint of giblet stock or water and a chicken cube, a pinch of sugar, a very tiny pinch of ground ginger and a tablespoon of sherry. Also add a teaspoon of corn-flour blended in a tablespoon of water. Stir all together, then boil up for a minute. Add the chicken livers and the mushrooms to this sauce and heat through.

Melt a walnut or so of butter in a non-stick pan. Add the well-drained cooked rice and stir it around with a wooden spoon to heat through. Form the rice into a ring on a heated platter, turn the sauced livers and mushrooms into the centre, sprinkle with a little freshly chopped parsley and serve.

Pleasing additions to the rice are cooked peas or a few pine kernels or shredded almonds.



# GOOD LOOKS

BY  
ELIZABETH  
WILLIAMSON

An overnight success is a product that has a visibly beautiful effect used overnight. Or it is something that makes you look good for an evening. But those foundations that cloak your skin and make it a dazzling success for a night are extra drying and need undercoats. Use sparingly over a petticoat of dewy cream—Frescabel by Lancôme and Coty's vitamin moisture balancer cream promote dewy faces. (These moisture creams are, in fact, perfectly adequate on their own for holding powder during the day.) Never take that pretty tint over the super-sensitive under-eye area because the muslin texture of the skin here is the quickest to line and slacken. If you have dark under-eyes, there is a special touch-on cream made by Orlane called Creme Anti-Cerne that will hide darkness for the evening. In the set-them-on-their-heels class are several tints that owe nothing to the colour of your skin but achieve marvellous effects after dark. Revlon's gold Lamée is one—no Inca gold but a gentle illusive golden tint. Try it with Cinnamon Stick lipstick. Beauty Overnight is a rash promise but Helena Rubinstein's cream is amazingly good at tightening and clearing the skin. Another twelve-hour-wonder is Charles of the Ritz special cream and lotion. These two are designed to be used together for lazy, greasy skins that lack lustre and are prone to blocked pores.



# NIGHTSPOT

# MOTORING

## FACING A SUDDEN CRAZE

A substitute for glass where windows are concerned has not yet been discovered. Hopes that transparent plastic would prove suitable for cars have so far been dashed because its flexibility makes it subject to scratching. Ordinary glass used in windscreens soon showed how dangerous it was when an accident occurred. More than half-a-century ago a safer form was evolved, a "sandwich" of thin sheets of glass cemented to an interlay of celluloid. This proved satisfactory except that the celluloid discoloured with sun and age, damp found its way into the sandwich and set up opaque patches.

It held the field until 1933, when an alternative called toughened glass came into use. Its principle is supposed to have been discovered by Prince Rupert, the Civil War cavalry general and nephew of Charles I, who found that molten glass when poured into cold water formed pear-shaped drops of immense strength. From this developed the method of "quenching" heated glass, first in oil and later by blasts of air. Its first application was to boiler-gauge glasses for steam engines. Next the problems of making large sheets of toughened glass were solved and for

the past 30 years, both laminated (or "sandwich") and toughened glass have been used by all motor manufacturers.

Toughened glass is found most frequently on British cars sold in the home market because it costs less than half the price of laminated, but is unacceptable in some export fields—notably North America—for windscreens, though it can be fitted to the side and rear windows. Our regulations covering the construction and use of motor vehicles stipulate that "safety" glass must be such that, if fractured, it does not fly into fragments likely to cause severe cuts. Both toughened and laminated glass comply with this definition, but there is another feature concerning safety which is not covered by any regulation. This is the actual instant of fracture and how it may affect a driver's visibility at the moment it occurs. Many motorists have complained about the danger arising from lack of vision through a toughened glass screen when it "crazes" after being hit by a sharp-pointed stone or other object. To understand why this happens one must appreciate that the process whereby ordinary glass is transformed

into toughened consists of it being heated in a furnace to near-softening point, moulded to shape between steel dies and then quickly quenched by blowing jets of air on the two surfaces. This produces a state of compression in these skins and tension in the interior. So long as the glass remains in this sheet it is immensely strong, and can be hammered, twisted and even bowed like a steel spring without suffering in the least. But give the skin a sharp blow with a pointed instrument and, with a loud report, it will craze into a mass of particles which, though they may cling together, can be broken up by hand pressure. The fragments do not have a particularly lacerating edge, but it is as well to wear a glove when pushing the hand through them. The grave danger to the driver is that, when the crazing takes place, his eyes, which have been focused on the road ahead, instantly readjust their vision to the screen a foot or so in front of them. The screen then seems to have gone opaque, and with the old kind of toughened glass it was.

Within the last few years, however, the Triplex Safety Glass Co., who make both toughened and laminated screens for most of the British car industry, have developed the "zone toughening" process of varying the size of the particles so that, in front of the driver's eyes, they are larger than elsewhere and provide quite reasonable driving vision—if the eyes' focus is kept on

distance ahead. Whereas the standard particle size is 60 to the 4 square inches, in the special zone they are about twice as large, and experiments are being made to extend the zone until it forms a zebra band along the whole centre line of the screen. At the same time, the moment when the screen does craze—and it must be recognized that it is not by any means an uncommon happening—is rather terrifying to the average motorist. If only he can remember *not* to refocus his eyes but to peer ahead as best he can, he may well be able to bring his car to a standstill safely. He will, however, then be faced with a cold and draughty drive until a new screen can be fitted, and, if he has been wise, he will have taken out special insurance so as to save his no-claims bonus on the car itself (it is very cheap to do this). But, if he is motoring abroad when it happens, he will probably have a job to find a spare, for most British car makers seem to have overlooked screen troubles in stocking their Continental dealers. The most expensive cars have laminated screens fitted as standard, and others are available with them as an optional extra. Any motorist, however, who desires to be free from the risk and inconvenience of toughened glass can buy himself into the laminated class at a cost of £15 to £20, even if his car's manufacturers are not sufficiently with it to give him the choice, by getting his dealer to make the swop

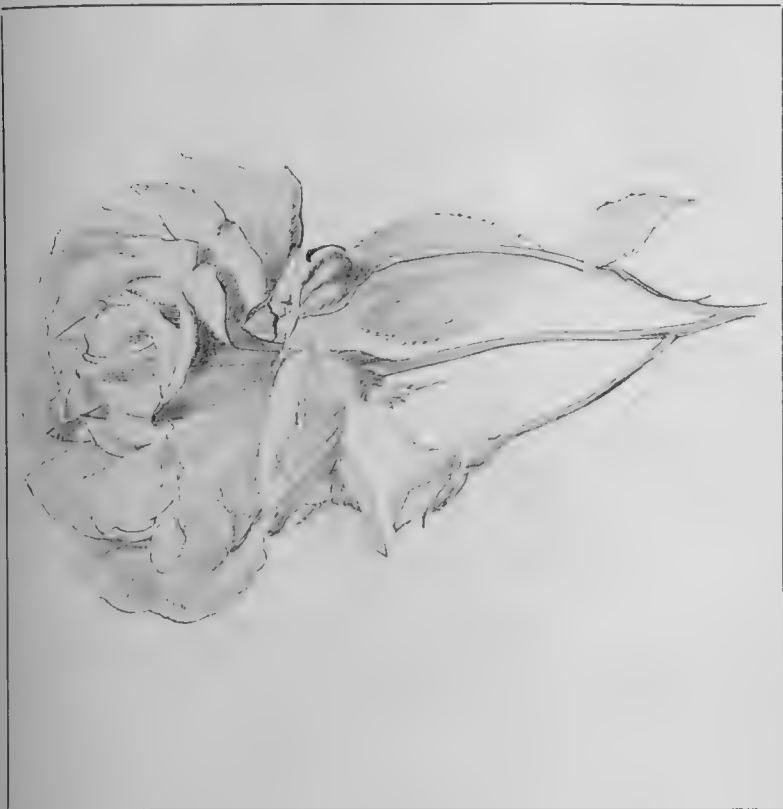


*This toughened glass windscreen has gone crazy, but leaves a zone before the driver's eyes through which it is possible to see. Experiments are being conducted by the Triplex Safety Glass Co. to extend this less closely crazed area across the whole screen.*



# ROSE GROWING

ROSES OF YESTERDAY

*Lady Hillingdon*

Years ago I used to visit the garden of a relative who had, I believe, an innate feeling for plants. He was the most dedicated amateur I ever knew, and roses were his speciality. Only one of the gardens he made has outlasted him, a series of rose terraces falling steeply to a river; the others have vanished like the gardener. But I have just turned up a list of roses he grew in the halcyon days before 1914; it makes interesting reading today. What is perhaps most remarkable is the comparatively few varieties now surviving. Some of the names will no doubt bring back memories to older readers.

There were *Aimée Cochet*, *Ben Cant*, *Arthur Goodwin*, *Caroline Testout*, my own favourite *Cecile Brunner*, *Betty*, *Cloth of Gold*, *British Queen*, *Cleopatra* (tea, and grown in pots under glass; not, of course, to be confused with the recent bedding rose of the same name), *Captain Hayward*, *Daily Mail*, *Dean Hole*, *Duchess of Albany*, *Duchess of Sutherland* (in fact a whole Debrett-ful of Duchesses), both the *Dicksons*, *Kaiserin Augusta Viktoria*, *Generals MacArthur* and *Jacqueminot*, *J. B. Clark*, *Lady Alice Stanley*, *Lady Ashtown*, *Lady Hillingdon*—and

that is as far as one need go.

It would be pleasant, I think, to reconstitute a pre-Great War rose garden, using such varieties as are obtainable. Searching for obsolete sorts is a stiff task, though always worth it: someone should start a sort of exchange or clearing house for cuttings or varieties otherwise unobtainable. A good number, in fact most, of the names on my list ought to have remained in commerce, as they have not been superseded—only rudely pushed out.

*Kaiserin Augusta Viktoria*, a creamy lemon H.T., was one of those too-good-to-lose roses, though its form might not be considered acceptable today. *Betty*, a pale copper H.T., flushed with yellow, would be up to today's standards—who cares anyway, if only a humane nurseryman brings them back! *Lady Hillingdon* is more readily acquired. I recommend it to readers tired of harsh forms and colours. It is pure clear creamy yellow, paling to a light straw with dark green leaves and purplish stems. *Lady Hillingdon* has a most delicate tea scent, and I wish my illustration conveyed its charming qualities more adequately.

## Other people's children

- 1 **Belinda** (2), daughter of Mr. & Mrs. David Johnstone, of Trevor Place, S.W.7
- 2 **Andrew** (3) younger son of Dr. & Mrs. Richard Rossdale, of Phillimore Place, W.8
- 3 **Roger** (3) son of Mr. & Mrs. Robin Combe, of Leyden House, Mortlake
- 4 **Antonia** (4) daughter of Captain & Mrs. Christopher Gaisford St. Lawrence, of Howth Castle, Dublin.

YEVONDE



1



HEATHER CRAUFURD

2

HEATHER CRAUFURD



3



HEATHER CRAUFURD

4

# Weddings and Engagements

**1 Russell—Holford:** Bridgit Moyra, daughter of Commander A. B. Russell, R.N. (Retd), of Fountain House, Park Street, W.1., and of Lady Tredegar, of Matacelle, Mougins, France, AM., was married to John Michael Finch, only son of Mr. & Mrs. C. F. Holford, of The Mill House, Broughton, near Stockbridge, Hampshire, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square.

**2 Duncan—Bingham:** Veronica, daughter of the late Major C. M. Duncan, M.C., and Mrs. J. D. Margrie, of North Waltham, Hampshire, was married to Lord Bingham, son of the Earl & Countess of Lucan, of Hanover House, N.W.8, at Holy Trinity, Brompton.

**3 Chryssicopoulos—Dunkerley:** Marianna Christina, daughter of the late Mr. Michael Chryssicopoulos, and of Mrs. Chryssicopoulos, of Rutland Gate, S.W.7, was married to Michael John, son of Colonel V. A. B. Dunkerley, D.S.O., J.P., of Barley End, Aldbury, Hertfordshire, and of Clare, Duchess of Sutherland, of Wilton Crescent, S.W.1, at St. Edwards, Sutton Park, Guildford.

**4 Miss Virginia Barbezat to Mr. Georgie Oliphant Hutchison:** *She* is the daughter of the late Flying Officer C. L. Barbezat, and of Mrs. John Hodgson, of Beechwood Farm, Buckland Common, Tring, Herts. *He* is the son of the late Lt.-Col. R. G. O. Hutchison, and of Mrs. Hutchison Bradburne, of Cunnoquhie, Ladybank, Fife.

**5 Miss Diana Lucy MacDougall to The Hon. William Weir** *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Peter MacDougall, of Holland Park, W.11, and Saraguay, Montreal, Canada. *He* is the son of Viscount & Viscountess Weir, of Montgreenan, Kilwinning, Ayrshire.

**6 Miss Martha Don to Mr. Niall Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe:** *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Stuart W. Don, of Victoria Road, W.8. *He* is the son of Brigadier Sir Richard & Lady Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe, of Elvetham Farm House, Hartley Wintney, Hampshire





## The best gift of all . . .

. . . for a friend or relative, at home or overseas . . . a subscription to THE TATLER! 52 issues plus the magnificent Christmas Number—a splendid gift that is a constant reminder of you as it arrives week after week. And we enclose a greetings card, with the first issue, giving your name as the sender. The cost: £7-14-0 (overseas £8-10-0). Just ask your newsagent or write to The Publisher, The Tatler, Ingram House, 13-15 John Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2, enclosing your cheque.

## HIRE

one of our elegant furs for that important occasion.

We have a wonderful selection—particularly of mink in a great variety of styles and colours.

NO DEPOSIT  
REQUIRED

FULL INSURANCE  
COVER

OUR SERVICE IS  
COMPLETELY  
CONFIDENTIAL

Brochure sent  
on request



## TWENTIETH CENTURY FUR HIRERS Ltd.

10 PRINCES STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

MAY 2711 (3 lines)

## PITLOCHRY HYDRO HOTEL PITLOCHRY—PERTHSHIRE



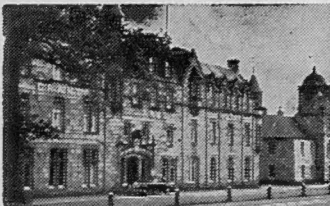
Standing in its own spacious grounds embracing Private Golf Course, Tennis Courts and Putting Green, this outstanding Hotel provides the highest possible standards. Private suites, Private bathrooms. Television, Games Room, Ballroom, Elevator, Cocktail Bar, Fishing. Central heating in public rooms and corridors. Electric fires in bedrooms. Southern exposure.

Illustrated Brochure available on request.

Telephone: Pitlochry 131

A.A. R.A.C. R.S.A.C.

## GRANT ARMS HOTEL GRANTOWN-ON-SPEY MORAYSHIRE



Extensively altered, redecorated and re-furnished. Elevator, Private Suites, Private Bathrooms, Central Heating in Public Rooms and Corridors, Electric Fires in Bedrooms, Cocktail Bar, Television, Tennis, Golf, Fishing on Spey, Private Lock-ups. Skiing: excellent service and facilities to skiers.

Illustrated Brochure available on request.

Manageress, Mrs. I. M. Hutton

Telephone: Granttown-on-Spey 26  
A.A. R.A.C. R.S.A.C.

## Classified advertisements

Rates: 1/- a word (minimum charge 15/-) Box number 1/6. Semi-display £4 per column inch. Series discount: 10% for 6, 20% for 13 insertions. Please write advertisement in BLOCK letters and send with remittance to The Tatler (Classified Advertisements), 13-15 John Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2 (TRA 7020). Cheques &c. payable to Illustrated Newspapers Ltd.

### PERSONAL

**£100 MIN. PRICE PAID** for Antique COLT Revolver weighing over 4 lb. All old COLTS and similar revolvers, Dueling pistols, Muskets, Rifles, Cannon, etc. bought at the highest prices. Kesterton, Townsend Street, Cheltenham. Phone 25882.

**"HOW TO FIND US"** maps prepared. A. Fyfe, Bourne Chambers (J), St. Peter's Road, Bournemouth 25226.

**IMMEDIATE ADVANCES**, £50 to £10,000. No security. REGIONAL TRUST LTD., 8 Clifford Street, New Bond Street, W.1. Telephones REG 5983 and REG 2914.

**POEMS WANTED.** Send Sample(s) without obligation enclosing S.A.E. to:—Dept. TT, Arcadian Agency, Egremont, Cumberland.

**ENJOY WRITING?** Then write for Profit. Send for "Writer's Handbook" (free) detailing countless opportunities for beginner or experienced. Writer's Ring (T), 5 Edmund Street, Birmingham.

**INCHBALD SCHOOL OF DESIGN.** Ten-week concentrated lecture courses in Interior Design (classical and modern) architecture, furniture, antiques. Also practical design classes. Next course begins 20th April, 1964. Details: 10 Milner Street, S.W.3. KNIghtsbridge 0568.

**ATTRACTIVELY DESIGNED** slim-wear in Latex Rubber and Patent Leather rainwear. For brochure write to NATURAL RUBBER COMPANY Dept. 7, Middleton Buildings, Langham Street, London, W.1. Tel. MUSEum 6089. Callers welcome.

**TARPAULINS** and Canvas Goods. Tarpaulins & Canvas Goods Ltd., 21 West Nile Street, Glasgow, CENTral 4275, 10 lines.

### PERSONAL

**ASTRONOMICAL TELESCOPE** from actual maker on 14 days' free trial. Brilliant 30X power reveals moon's craters, etc. Complete with tripod 84/- post free. Illustrated catalogue free. CHARLES FRANK LTD., Saltmarket, Glasgow, C.1.

**TELEVISION SCRIPTWRITING** earns you top money. Postal tuition by top BBC and ITV Producers and Scriptwriters. Write or phone for free copy of "Your Future as a TV Scriptwriter" to TV Scriptwriters' School, 53 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. (FLE 7159—24 hours).

**MIGRAINE?** Lasting relief has been found. Write ex-sufferer (M.A. Cantab.), Box 651.

**YOUR DAUGHTER** would enjoy finding her office job through STELLA FISHER BUREAU in the STRAND.

**FANCY DRESS COSTUMES FOR HIRE.** Bermans, the Film and Theatrical Costumiers. Specialising in Fancy Dresses for children. Terms on application. Department T.B.13. M. BERMAN LTD., 18 Irving Street, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

**SELL TO CORNELL.** Jewellers in Maidstone since 1796, enthusiastic buyers of all jewellery, modern or Victorian, household silver and plate. Will call anywhere and make immediate attractive offer. G. Cornell & Sons Ltd., 12-14 Gabriel's Hill, Maidstone. Tel 3150.

**SAVILE ROW CLOTHES.** Cancelled export orders direct from eminent tailors Kilgour, Sandon, Huntsman, etc. Suits, overcoats from 10 gns. REGENT DRESS CO. (2nd floor lift), 14 Dover Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1. HYDe 7180.

### PERSONAL

#### CONTACT LENSES

Mr. Kenneth Wright, F.B.O.A. (Hons). Contact Lens Practitioner, 49 Great Cumberland Place, W.1. AMB 1477.

**ANTIQUE ENGAGEMENT & DRESS RINGS** in interesting profusion at GREEN'S ANTIQUE GALLERIES, 117 Kensington Church Street, W.8. (Open all day Saturday). BAYswater 9618.

**FASHION** your play at the Under 30 Bridge Club. Hon. Sec. Bruce Balmer. FRE 8836.

**MASSAGE TREATMENT**—visiting only. MR. BARKER (L.C.S.P. Phys.), 'phone 8 a.m.-2 p.m. TERminus 1451.

**£20 OFFERED** for 1927 cased set of 6 coins. Other cased sets of English coins, Maundy money, and Victoria Gothic crown pieces wanted. R. C. White, 14 Hazellville Road, London, N.19.

**LEARN FLOWER ARRANGING** at home with a specially prepared Course by Constance Spry. Full details from Institute of Domestic Arts, Dept. 620, Parkgate Road, S.W.11.

**RUSH MATTING** made-to-measure 2/- sq. ft. RUSH Seated Italian Chairs 9 gns. a pair. With arms 20 gns. a pair. Rockers 14 gns. each. FOAMTREAD Carpet Underlay 54 in. 6/6 yd. Dept. TAT.35 ROOKSMOOR MILLS, STROUD, GLOS.

**VARIABLE ANNUITY INCOME.** A maximum income and inflation clause to keep your income in step with economic conditions are features of our Annuity Income Planning in which we specialise. Write today for full details. R. J. Hurst & Partners Ltd., 131 New London Road, Chelmsford, Essex.

### PERSONAL

**YOUNG LADIES** sharing Flats can also share a refrigerator from REFRIGERATOR RENTALS. TER 9794.

**INDEPENDENT INCOME AT HOME** can be earned by writing Short Stories and Articles. Postal tuition by top Editors and Fiction Writers. For over 40 years the Premier School of Journalism, 53 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. (FLE 7159) has brought happiness and independence to thousands. Write or phone for free copy of "You in Print".



Sole agents for  
Sedgwick Chair Lifts  
**LONDON LIFT CO.,**  
103 Worship Street,  
LONDON, E.C.2  
For lifts of all types  
write for particulars.



## PERSONAL

**GADANY** fifth generation **JEWELLERY RESTORER—DESIGNER**. Fine Craftsmanship, Personal service. Enamelling, silver repairs. 152 Walton Street, Knightsbridge. KENSINGTON 1607.

**SMALL WOMEN'S SHOES** stocked. From size 1. Popular prices.  
**A. WEINTROP**, 71 Berwick Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1. Also special size nylons 7½ and 8, Berkshire at 5/11 pair.

**HAND KNITTING** by Disabled Workers from your own patterns. They will also make up your own knitting. Please send s.a.e. for price list. **HOMEBOUND CRAFTSMEN**, 25a Holland Street, Kensington, W.8. (WES 3924.)

**SHE HAS EVERYTHING?** A simple solution to your problem of what to give for a birthday or anniversary is a subscription to **THE TATLER**. 52 issues plus the Christmas Number a splendid gift that is a constant reminder of you as it arrives every week of the year. And we enclose a greetings card, with the first issue, giving your name as sender. The cost? £7/14/0 (overseas £8/10/0) or, for a 6-month subscription, £3/19/0 (overseas £4/7/0). Just write to Dept. P.C., **THE TATLER**, Ingram House, 13-15 John Adam Street, London, W.C.2, enclosing your cheque.

**FREE**—"Know-How Guide to Writing Success". Full details of No Sales—No Fees training. Free "Writer" subscription; two free writing encyclopaedias; B.A. School of Successful Writing Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, W.1. MAY 4176.

**RIT.** Sorry to hear how poorly you are after the 'flu. Take Brand's Essence of Beef. It will quickly help to restore your appetite to normal and, therefore, your energy too.

**IF YOU WANT** beautiful well-fitting clothes made, write Pamela Dare, London, Box No. 810.

**GRAPHOLOGY** is the greatest and most helpful of all the Sciences. Interpretation of Handwriting, fee 3/6. Box No. 755.

"TWEENY" TAKES THE GRIND OUT OF SINK WASTE DISPOSAL PROBLEMS  
**HAIGH ENG. (SALES) CO. LTD.**  
Ross-on-Wye, Herefordshire. Ross 3131.

## ANNE GERRARD

27 Bruton Street, W.1

Invites you to see her wonderful selection of

MODEL DRESSES, SUITS and KNITWEAR

Also at her **BOUTIQUE** in the lounge at **GROS-VENOR HOUSE** where they are open until 7.30 p.m. and you will find the latest designs in costume jewellery and the sheerest stockings.

## JEAN CONN

Always something new in

off the peg and Couture.

Cocktail and evening wear

and jewelled separates.

Also Teens and Twenties

High Fashion by Ruth Conn.

All models exclusive to us.

36 South Molton Street, W.1.

MAYfair 0823.

Never so many offered for so little!

## WINTER FUR SALE

## AT MAXWELL CROFT

January 23rd to February 1st

Mink, Sable, Ermine, Persian Lamb, Seal skin, Leopard, Squirrel, Ocelot and many other furs.

MAXWELL CROFT

105-106 New Bond Street, London, W.1.

MAYfair 6226

Only

## NITA MILLER

offer a wide selection of  
**TABLE LAMPS**  
and create elegant shades  
for them in three days

Nita Miller, 63A Grosvenor Street, W.1 MAYfair 0951

## PERSONAL

## LOST! One earring!

**FOUND!** Jewellery craftsmen who will reproduce that odd earring or dress clip exactly to pattern. Jewellery repairs of all types. Call, or send by registered post, for free estimate. **Hillwoods Jewellers Ltd.**, 148 Station Road, Edgware, Middlesex. EDG 5067.

**OIL PAINTINGS** wanted of all periods Single pictures or collections. **COULTER GALLERIES**, 33 Ainstay Avenue, York. Phone 66537.

**SHARE-A-FLAT Ltd.**, 175 Piccadilly, W.1. HYD 2545. The right flat or the right person.

**JILL.** Cancel Sunday. Am taking Brenda instead. Know you'll understand. Regards **FRED**.

Forget the beast, treat yourself to a glass of **MUMM** champagne. Cordon Rouge Extra Dry; or Cordon Vert Rich.

**DEANS CONTINENTAL BLINDS** add gaiety and colour to your home. Deans of Putney. PUT 2533.

**RENT FREE HOLIDAYS!** Write for details **HOLIDAY HOMEXCHANGE LTD.**, FS/3, 4 Blenheim Street, London, W.1.

## REPLIES TO BOX NUMBERS

should be addressed to

Box No.

The TATLER

Ingram House

13-15 John Adam Street

Adelphi

LONDON, W.C.2.

## EXHIBITIONS

**YOUNG CONTEMPORARIES 1964.** F.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, S.W.1. January 21st-February 8th, 10-6 Monday to Saturday.

## PROPERTY

**TRIANGULAR BUILDING PLOT**, one acre, orchard, nr. Chilterns. Rural surroundings services at 200 ft. £1,850. Box No. 844.

## SHOPPING BY POST

**GORGEOUS THICK FRENCH WOOL HANDKNITTED JUMPERS.** Child's 24"-30" 49/11, Ladies' 34"-40" 4 gns., Men's 42"-44" 5 gns. p. & p. 3/6. Pale Blue, French Blue, Cyprus, Banana, Tobacco, Charcoal, Rose Red. From **BARBICAN BOUTIQUE**, 18 Southside Street, Plymouth.

## GARDENING

**UPCHER AND LACEY**, garden design and maintenance. All types garden work carried out from window boxes upwards. Maintenance in London area. 4 Blenheim Street, London, W.1. Tel. HYDe Park 5502.

**EXPERT FENCING.** All types supplied and erected by skilled erectors; Chain Link, Post and Rail, Close Board, Interwoven. Phone Uxbridge 34680 or 34145 for our representative to call. **Elsdon (Fencing) Ltd.**, Oxford Road, Denham, Bucks.

**HAND-FORGED** Entrance and Garden Gates superbly made to a high standard and finish. A wide range of designs available in new 44-page catalogue. Made to standard width or to suit existing entrances. Weather vanes, firescreens, grilles. **S. C. PEARCE & SONS LTD.**, Bredfield, Woodbridge, Suffolk. Tel. Woodbridge 514.

**HARDY GERANIUMS** (Herbaceous Perennials). Thrive outdoors all year round. Never need renewal. Rose, salmon, lilac, blush. 35/- dozen. **J. MACGREGOR**, Rare Plant Specialist, LARKHALL, Lanarkshire.

## Grow ASPARAGUS

CULTIVATION NOTES &amp; PRICE LIST

free on request

CROFT ASPARAGUS FARM

107, Wigginton Road, TAMWORTH, Staffs.

## EDUCATIONAL

## DAUGHTER LEAVING SCHOOL?

## WHAT NEXT?

Finishing School? Secretarial?

Domestic Science? Family abroad?

Consult:

## THE GABBITAS-THRING EDUCATIONAL TRUST

6-8 Sackville St., London, W.1. REG 0161 who will advise without charge.

## THE LANGUAGE TUITION CENTRE'S SECRETARIAL COLLEGE

for Diploma Courses in comprehensive secretarial practice or in combined secretarial and foreign-language training. Full information from the Principal, 26-32 OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1. Telephone: LAngham 1005 & 8005

## ST. GODRIC'S SECRETARIAL COLLEGE

**RESIDENT AND DAY STUDENTS** Comprehensive courses for English and foreign students. New terms start 7th April and 9th September, 1964. Apply to **J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.)**, the Principal, St. Godric's College, 2 Arkwright Road, London, N.W.3. Telephone HAMpstead 9831.

**RESIDENTIAL SECRETARIAL AND LANGUAGE COURSES**, G.C.E. examinations all levels, sports facilities, delightful country near London. Apply: The Principal, Paddock Wood Finishing School, Lightwater, Surrey. Telephone: Bagshot 3252.

## OXFORD AND COUNTY SECRETARIAL COLLEGE

34 St. Giles, Oxford.

Tel. 55966.

Comprehensive secretarial training, including English and French shorthand, typewriting, book-keeping and languages. Prospectus on application.

## SCHLOSS GRUNDLSEE

Finishing School for girls near Salzburg, Austria. Beautiful lakeside location; winter sports, sailing, etc. International student body, details from Schloss Grundlsee (English Office), Queens Road, East Grinstead, Sussex.

**PAINT IN OILS.** Fascinating Home Study Course with Hayward Veal as your personal tutor. Details from **PITMAN COLLEGE OF ART**, 17 Pitman House, Godalming, Surrey.

**LANGHAM SECRETARIAL COLLEGE** offers thorough training with modern equipment to girls of G.C.E. standard. One-year courses including languages begin each September. Supervised hostel accommodation. Prospectus from Principal, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, London, W.1.

**BEAUTY FARM SCHOOL** of Beauty and Physical Culture. The comprehensive syllabus covers all the requirements of a modern Beauty Salon and also includes Physical Culture, Diets, Basic Cosmetology and Italian Hair-styling. The latest Beauty Therapy Equipment is used. The school is set in ideal surroundings with full boarding facilities and excellent indoor and outdoor recreations. Courses for six or twelve months, with short-term refresher courses by arrangement. For full details write to Beauty Farm School, The Grange, Henlow, Beds. Tel. Clifton 269 and 400.

## Speedwriting

THE A.B.C. SHORTHAND

Trade Mark

Shorthand training to Diploma level takes only 6 to 8 weeks at the London School of Speedwriting. Speedwriting is the genuine shorthand system based on the alphabet with no symbols to memorize. Modern, proved teaching methods. Day courses start next and every Monday. Twice weekly evening classes. Also 5-month Basic and Executive Secretarial courses. Personal Tutorial Home Study Courses available. Prospectus from Registrar.

## LONDON SCHOOL OF SPEEDWRITING

Room L, Avon House, 356/366 Oxford Street. London, W.1. HYD 3401.

## HOLIDAYS

**SAILING HOLIDAYS.** Tuition. Unrestricted sailing. Accommodation afloat/ashore. Superb food. Blue Water Charters, Salcombe, Devon.

## HOTELS

**TORQUAY. BROADCLYST HOTEL**, Torwood Gardens. 300 yards sea. Excellent cuisine and service. 12 to 14 gns. Tel. 3939.

**TORQUAY. PALM COURT HOTEL**, Sea Front. Ideally situated for winter and spring holiday. Central heating. Open all year. Phone 4881. Three Star Hotel.

## HOTELS ABROAD

**ROME, HOTEL HASSLER-VILLA MEDICE:** A distinguished hotel for the discriminating traveller, famous for its personal service and unique location, overlooking the Spanish Steps and all of Rome.

**TANGIER—HOTEL EL MINZAH.** 100 rooms with bath, telephone, restaurant, bars, swimming pool, tennis. Cable: MINSTEL. Tel. 158-85.

## TRAVEL

**MENTON.** Hotel de Venise. Central select. Beautiful gardens. Menton's best appointed Hotel, 170 rooms, 120 bathrooms. A. SOMAZZI.

**TOURS TO** Belgium, Italy, Austria, Turkey, Albania and The Holy Land. Brochure from **Elisabethan Travel Ltd.**, 99 Albert Road, Colne, Lancs.

## PHOTOGRAPHY

**REALLY NATURAL PHOTOGRAPHS** of children taken at home, London or country. **DERYN MORTON**, 5 Marshall Street, London, W.1. REGent 5174.

**A BRILLIANT** photograph?

**A BRILLIANT** photographer!!

**ARTHUR BRILLIANT**.....

**NATURALLY**—especially children at home or in his West End studio **WELbeck 2866**, 11 Kendall Place, Blandford Street, W.1.

## BINOCULARS

**BINOCULARS.** **ROSS** 10 x 40 centre focus £19/19/- with leather case, 14 days' free trial. **CHARLES FRANK LTD.**, Saltmarket, Glasgow.

## CONNOISSEURS AND COLLECTORS

**RESTORATION AND CONSERVATION OF THE ANTIQUE**, bronzes, ceramics, enamels, ivories, tortoiseshell, mother of pearl, objets d'art, etc. **G. GARBE**, 23 Charlotte Street, London, W.1. MUSEum 1268. Founded 1770.

**WANTED: ANTIQUE FIREARMS.** Purdey, Lancaster, Nock Smith and Manton. Also wanted, best quality secondhand sporting guns by Purdey, Holland & Holland, Boss, Lancaster. Please give particulars approximate age, condition and number if known. **Peter Nye**, 91 Brookmans Avenue, Brookmans Park, Hatfield.

**ANTIQUE SILVER.** gracious Gift, vigorous Investment. Rare pieces from 25/-. Catalogue free. **D. Poole**, South Thoresby, Alford, Lincs.

## ANTIQUARY MAPS

by John Speed, 1611 and many others. All genuine, with fine colouring. Interesting illustrated catalogue 3d. Please state the part of interest. **P. J. Radford (TR)**, Denmead, Portsmouth, Hants.

## BOOKS

**CHINESE LITERATURE**, 100 pages monthly covering books, poetry, art, etc. 15/- annually available from **R. Beadman**, Adlestrop, Moreton in Marsh.

**AMERICAN BOOKS—NEW, OLD, OUT-OF-PRINT.** For any book you want, just write to **Orsay Books**, 86-32T Elliot Avenue, Rego Park 74, New York, N.Y.

**CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY:** This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: That it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s. 6d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by Sun Printers Ltd., Watford and London, and published by Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., Ingram House, 13-15 John Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2. January 22, 1964. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y.  
© 1964 ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD.—ALL RIGHTS RESERVED



## ENTERTAINMENT

**CHILDREN'S PARTIES.** Ernest Castro entertains the eminent. Photographic brochure. 273 Sheen Lane, S.W.14. PROspect 6501.

**VERDINI.** Magical entertainer for parties. Also Magical clown and Punch & Judy for children. 133 Ledbury Road, W.11. BAYswater 8166.

**GEORGE BIRCH ORCHESTRAS.** Previously Dorchester, Cafe Royal, Hungaria, Colony. Please note address. Drakes Drive, Northwood, Middlesex. Northwood 24803.

**PUNCH & JUDY, MAGIC, Puppets.** Ventriloquism for Children of all ages. Tom Kemp. HAMpstead 2688.

**CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT BUREAU.** Offers widest selection of experienced Children's Entertainers. All areas. Brochures, MAYfair 2065.

**NORMAN MYERS** takes complete charge of CHILDREN'S PARTIES; games and film shows, Punch & Judy and conjuring available. Cecil Chambers, Strand, W.C.2. TEM 6380, MEA 4295, MAI 7266.

**HOSSTESSES PLEASE NOTE.** After great success rocking Society at Snowball Charity Ball, Dorchester Hotel, December 1963 book Mike Ford and the Consuls for your next Party. Ring WESTern 5204.

## PRIVATE PARTY CATERING

**HUNT** Balls, Weddings, Charity and Private dances. FOSTERS ROOMS, 16/17 Small Street, Bristol, 1. Tel. 24644.

**DISTINGUISHED CATERING** for Receptions, Private Dances, Buffets, Dinners, etc., incl. Hire and service: DEBRY LTD., 191 Brompton Road, S.W.3. Tel. KEN 2733. Estimates free. Purveyors to the Corps Diplomatique. "We cater for the Connoisseur".

**ELEGANT PERSONAL SERVICE CATERING** for your Wedding, Birthday, Dance or Cocktail Party. Your problems smoothed away by experts. Just telephone WAKEFORD & MATHEW, 171 Earls Court Road, S.W.5. FREmantic 6725.

**WEDDING, DANCES** and other receptions (in town or country) become a memorable success with Harrods expert catering. Details from Harrods Hire & Catering Service, Knightsbridge, S.W.1., or SLOane 1234, extension 865.

## RESTAURANTS

**"TIDDY DOL'S EATING HOUSE",** 4 Hertford Street, Mayfair, W.1. GRO 2358. Book a candle-lit alcove at this 18th-century Eating House in picturesque Shepherd Market just behind the London Hilton. Last orders 12.30 a.m.

**THE WITHIES INN,** Compton, nr. Guildford. STEAKS are back at The Withies. Our delicious charcoal grills and spits. Fresh Lobster and various home cooked dishes are yours for the booking. Open for Lunch and Dinner 7 days a week. Reservations: Godalming 1158.

**LOTUS HOUSE,** 61-69 Edgware Road, W.2 (AMB 4109/4341). London's latest Chinese Restaurant. Open noon to 2 a.m. inc. Sundays. Fully licensed. Music and Dancing.

**AU JARDIN DES GOURMETS.** Tel. GER 1816 and 4839. Restaurant Francais, 5 Greek Street, London W.1. Proprietors: M. Richier and A. Andre. Reputed for its wines and old-style French cuisine. First-class restaurant. Closed on Sundays.



*Deliciously French!*

**le Petit montmartre**

Excellent wines, good cuisine, gay decor and the gentle guitar.  
Res: WEL. 2992 and WEL. 2482

15 Marylebone Lane, Wigmore St. W.1

Open to 12.30 a.m. (last orders 11.15 p.m.)

**SUNDAY EVENINGS** 6.30 to 11.30 p.m.

## FOR THE EPICURE

**SALARAD MAYONNAISE.** Fresh lemon juice added. For salads, sauces and sandwiches

### COX'S ORANGE PIPPINS SENT DIRECT FROM THE GROWER

Make a really attractive present.  
14 lb. gross approx. Cox's Orange, 23/-.  
14 lb. gross approx. Laxton's Superb, 20/-.  
Guaranteed finest quality Graded Apples. Superbly Packed (Cell Carton). Order now for immediate delivery. C.W.O. Post and Packing free.

W. Nicholson & Sons, Growers,  
Walsoken, Wisbech, Cambs.  
Have some Yourself.

## HAIRDRESSERS

**REAL HAIR WIGS** and added pieces made to individual requirements. We have facilities for re-dressing and cleaning all types of hair work. JOHN HENRY, 9 Melcombe Street, N.W.1. HUN 2029/2020.

**THE GIRALT CUT** remains unequalled as the perfect foundation for lovely, lasting hair styles. Expert Cutting. Styling with a flair, distinctive Colour Rinsing and Permanent Waving ensure that your hair will look lovelier—longer. XAVIER GIRALT LTD., 7 Woodside Crescent, Glasgow, C.3. DOUGlas 4904 and 0045.

## BEAUTY

**COSMETIC PLASTIC SURGERY.** Faces, Figures, and Feelings, the book that is the how, why and what on cosmetic surgery by Leslie E. Gardiner, surgeon, 33 Wimpole Street, London, W.1. Obtainable from publishers, Robert Hale Ltd., 63 Old Brompton Road, London S.W.7., at 19/6. Post free.

**NAIL INFECTION.** Discoloured, infected, destroyed nails and inflamed cuticles. The HAND & NAIL INSTITUTE (est. 30 years) specialises in effective personal or postal treatment. Send stamped addressed envelope. 35 Old Bond Street. Tel. HYDe Park 7561.

### COME TO BEAUTY FARM for perfect rest and superb Beauty Treatments

It is world famous for its residential courses of Beauty Therapy, controlled dieting and complete relaxation, giving the most satisfying and lasting results.  
Beauty Farm is in a beautiful Georgian estate and has luxurious reception rooms and bedrooms, fully equipped treatment salons and its own farm produce.  
Full particulars from The Grange, Henlow, Beds. Phone No. Clifton 269 and 400.

## DRIVING TUITION

**LONDON'S PERSONAL DRIVING TUTOR,** specialist on Jaguar (3.8 available). Pupil's car 25/- hourly week-ends included. R.A.C. Registered Instructor. GERard 8175.

## APPOINTMENTS

**SECRETARY** for Senior Executive of Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., publishers of The Tatler. Please send details of age, education and experience to the Company Secretary at 13-15 John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.

## CORSETIERS

THE FINEST CORSETS & SWIMSUITS combining Comfort with Elegance, are made to measure by—  
**MACMILLAN CORSETIERS LTD**  
17 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3. (KEN. 9925)  
Brochure T.A. on request.

### RIGBY & PELLER

12 South Molton Street, W.1  
MAYfair 6708  
By Appointment to H.M. The Queen  
Corsetiers  
Corsets, Corsetettes, Brassières, Swimsuits, Maternity Foundations individually designed and made-to-measure by EXPERTS.

## HAUTE COUTURE

**MILLINERY.** Exclusive creations for the elegant woman from your own or our furs. JOSEFINE, 487 Woodborough Road, Nottingham. Tel. 69223.

## TAILORING

**LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S** own material tailored for only £7/10/-. Send for styles and self-measure form. Also D.B. Dinner Jackets made into S.B. shawl collar. CRAIG & SMITH, 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow.

## DRESSMAKING

**CHINESE COUTURE.** Oriental Fashions. Miss K. Sung, 1 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3. KNightsbridge 5953. Made to measure, ready to wear, clients' own material made up.

**BRING** your materials to MAYA OF MAYFAIR. Couture dressmaker—prompt service—reasonable prices. 68 Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.1. MAY 3865.

## DRESS AGENCIES

**WE BUY GOOD MODERN LADIES' WEAR:** coats, dresses, suits; large sizes particularly required. Also furs and sheepskin coats. Cash paid, post refunded. Dept. T, Central Buying Depot, 40A North Street, Brighton, Sussex.

**VOGUE, BRITAIN'S LARGEST BUYERS,** purchase up-to-date day gowns, suits, coats, hats, lingerie. Parcels by post for offer. 59 Kensington Church Street, W.8. WESTern 3291.

**PHYLLIS KAY,** 35A Thayer St., W.1. Buys and sells gowns, suits, etc., from well-known model houses and haute couture. Hunter 2633.

**CHILDREN'S BOUTIQUE,** 23B High Street, Chislehurst, Kent. IMP 5700. Purchase children's quality outgrown clothes. Post parcels for immediate cash offer.

## DRESS FABRICS

**SELECTED SCOTTISH TWEEDS.** Our large and varied stocks of tweeds are representative of Scotland's finest fabrics. Send for samples and make your own selection at leisure. Please indicate preferred shades, weights and traditional or modern patterns. Frazers (Dept. 9A), Scottish Tweed House, Perth.

## FURS

**GLAMOROUS MINKS** and all other furs at manufacturers' prices: repairs, remodels, etc. REMA FURS, 18 Hanover Street, W.1. MAYfair 9563.

**ARE YOU SELLING OR BUYING** a fur coat? We make fair cash offers and we sell near-new furs. Inquiries invited. D. Curwen, Dept. T, 7a Melcombe Street, Baker Street, N.W.1.

**YOUR OPPORTUNITY** to deal direct with the manufacturer. Finest workmanship and exclusive styles. All furs; specialising in Mink. Part exchange, fair value guaranteed. Restyling. Estimates free. Charles Fenton Ltd., 90/92 Great Portland Street, W.1. MUSEum 0297.

## FUR HIRE

**HIRE AN ELEGANT FUR** for home or abroad, including all mink mutation colours. Special terms for long periods arranged for overseas visitors. No deposit. Brochure sent on request. Strictly confidential. All our furs are for sale. Extended credit terms. TWENTIETH CENTURY FUR HIRERS LTD., 10 PRINCES STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1. MAYfair 2711.

## PHILATELY

**STAMP DISPOSAL** is our business. Do you know our business? We do! For the most appreciated results contact—Plymouth Philatelic Auctions Ltd., 34 New Street, Plymouth.

## AIR CONDITIONING

**AIR CONDITIONED COMFORT** for every home and office now possible for under £17 per room. Free illustrated pamphlet.  
**HYGRO-ROBOT LTD.,**  
68 Oxford Street, W.1.



## HAND LAUNDRIES

**SAME DAY LAUNDRY SERVICE** by London's finest Hand Laundry. Ladies' and gentlemen's fineries collected, beautifully hand-laundried, delivered to you the same day, of course without laundry marks. Also One-day, Two-day and Postal Service. For this superb luxury service, telephone EXPRESS HAND LAUNDRY LTD., at 168 Earls Court Road, S.W.5. FRObisher 2345.

**YOUR PERSONAL WORK** and household linen beautifully handlaundried by The White Elephant Laundry of Old Town, S.W.4. Call MACaulay 1202 for details.

## INVISIBLE MENDING

**INVISIBLE MENDING.** Burns, tears, moth damage. Also knitwear and all repairs. QUICKSTITCH LTD., (3) Removed to 26 Carnaby Street, W.1. REGent 1140.

## VENETIAN BLIND CLEANING SERVICE

**VENETIAN BLINDS** cleaned and serviced by CONTEMPORARY CLEANERS (VENETIAN BLINDS) LTD. For an immediate quotation plus super same-day service telephone FULham 3217 & 1589.

## FLOWER ARRANGEMENT

**THE CONSTANCE SPRY FLOWER SCHOOL.** The Spring Programme of short Afternoon and Evening Courses in Flower Arrangement for the Home has now been arranged. Full details of these and our full-time courses are available from: The Secretary, 98 Marylebone Lane, W.1. HUNter 2271.

## INTERIOR DECORATING

**MR. ALEX WAUGH, F.I.B.D.,** will advise on the restoration or alteration of fine Period houses, and if desired, carry out complete Interior Decor. Working drawings and colour sketches submitted. Warfords Ltd. (Head Office) Station Road, Gerrards Cross. Phone 3173.

**INTERIOR DESIGNER** undertakes planning, conversions, colour schemes and choice of furniture and accessories for houses, flats, etc. Part, or complete supervised service. MARY BILTON LTD., 8 Montagu Mews South, London, W.1. AMB 7052.

## SITUATIONS WANTED

**AVAILABLE IMMEDIATELY.** Excellent selection Domestic Staff; Cook-generals, Cook-housekeepers, Mother's Helps, Married Couples, Gardeners etc.; also Children's Nannies and Governesses for positions throughout England. Under distinguished patronage. Immediate attention assured. SLOUGH EMPLOYMENT AGENCY, 30/32 William Street, Slough. Tel. 24141 (4 lines). Established 1946. (Hotel staff also supplied throughout England).

## DRY CLEANING

**SUEDECLEAN LTD.** By far the most experienced Suede and Sheepskin cleaning service. Weather-proofing, re-tinting, repairs. EXPRESS—2 days. Prompt mail order service. 30 Baker Street, London, W.1. WEL 1967; 57 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3. KNI 8891.

## SUEDE CLEANING

Suede Coats, Shoes, Sheepskin Coats, Gloves expertly cleaned.  
Smooth leather garments also a speciality.  
Send to:  
**SUEDECRAFT (LIVERPOOL) LTD.**  
HAWTHORNE ROAD, LITHERLAND,  
LIVERPOOL 20. Phone: Bootle 3924

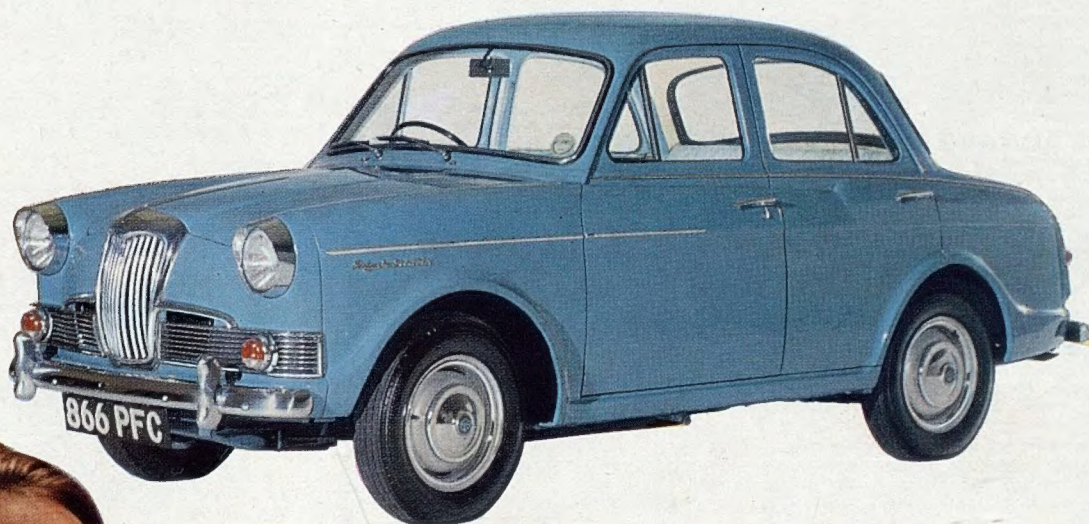




*one-point-five*

## the Riley world of magnificent motoring

Big-car luxury. Small-car handling. Twin-carburettor performance. The kind of acceleration you expect from a high power/weight ratio. The luxury that comes from real leather, deep-pile carpets and polished woods. A rare combination of qualities. And no high-performance saloon features them so brilliantly, at such



reasonable cost, as the lively RILEY ONE-POINT-FIVE. A great car. A fine name. A proud symbol of the exclusive, enviable world of the pace-setting RILEY Owner. £701. 7. 11., including £121. 7. 11. P.T.

*Every RILEY carries a 12 months' Warranty and is backed by BMC Service—the most comprehensive in Europe.*



RILEY MOTORS LTD., SALES DIVISION, COWLEY, OXFORD.  
LONDON SHOWROOMS: 8/10 AUDLEY ST., GROSVENOR SQUARE W.1.  
OVERSEAS DIVISION: NUFFIELD EXPORTS LTD., OXFORD & 41/46 PICCADILLY W.1